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WALTER AND EMMA,

OR

A Tale of Bothwell Bridge;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN STRACHAN.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Beattie.

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TO

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER,

OF GRANGE AND FOUNTAINHALL, &c. BARONET,

THIS SMALL VOLUME IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

WITH

SENTIMENTS OF THE GREATEST RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND OF THE SINCEREST GRATITUDE, FOR THE PATRONAGE BESTOWED

ON THE HUMBLE AND UNLETTERED MUSE OF THE

AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 19, line 17, *for* father's, *read* fathers'

—— 38, —— 7, *for* will ever cling, *read* will closely cling.

—— 56, —— 11, *for* heroes' *read* hero's,

—— 66, —— 15, *for* with gentle, *read* whose gentle.

WALTER AND EMMA,

OR

A TALE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

PART FIRST.

I.

Sweet Harp, I love thee! and thy soothing strain,
My bosom's solace I have often found,
Whether thy numbers warble to complain,
Or wake to gladness, with a sprightly sound,
My spirit follows through the magic round
Of all thy varied sweets, a willing slave,
O! let no tones uncouth the rapt ear wound
Whilst Inspiration's heavenly aid I crave,
To sing how lived the good, to sing how died the brave,

II.

My country dear! in thy recording page
Is many a proud enobling theme for song;
For glory gilds thy tale of every age,
Where virtue still is found, with valour strong;
O long to Britain may the praise belong:
The happy boast that, 'midst her subject sea,
Like Hesperus Night's starry train among,
O'er all the nations of the wide world, she
In native brightness, shines illustrious, great, and free.

III.

'Tis mine to sing her hour of woe and dread,
Her starless midnight of Oppression's reign;
When ruin's dismal pall, by tyrants spread,
In threefold darkness wrapt her hill and plain,
And Havoc swept in wrath her fair domain.
And how fair Freedom did her skies relume,
And, from the blood of Martyrs, sprung again
Her glorious plant, with renovated bloom,
That spreads its beauteous boughs o'er proud Oppression's tomb.

IV.

On Avon's side, 'mid Scotia's mountains grey,
A lovely Hamlet rose, unknown to fame,
Where worth and innocence for long held sway,
O'er simple jocund hearts, estranged from blame ;
Each reverend father, and each matron dame,
Grew old amidst the love of those, who grew
To life and beauty round them, and who came,
Pledges of sweet affection, ever new,
That still on life's decline a noon-tide lustre threw.

V.

The heart's fond feelings here untroubled ran
In the smooth current of domestic peace,
Nor hollow hearted Pride, nor Envy wan,
E'er drove the smile of gladness from their face,
Nor marr'd the virtues of this pious race :
Contentment sooth'd their toil, to rural glee
The little cares of life would aye give place,
And, round the cottage hearth, you still might see
The smile of tender joy, from affectation free.

VI.

Amidst the trees, in summer verdure clad,
That lent the dewy air a rich perfume,
And o'er each sense a witching influence had,
Where flowery carpets, wrought in Nature's loom,
Glowed o'er the earth in wild luxuriant bloom;
There Hepburn's mansion rose, where, many a day,
For homeless wanderers there still was room;
And pity loved to bid the friendless stay,
To share the cup of joy, that chased their cares away.

VII.

The woods were his, that kindly shelter lent,
The meadow green, and yellow waving field,
Round which the stream in gentle windings went,
And bade the ground a richer harvest yield,
On which might Industry her fair hopes build,
And trust unshaken; His the mountains brown,
That rose, with easy swell, the vale to shield
From northern blasts, and surly Winter's frown,
When, from his icy throne, he pours the tempests down.

VIII,

A blooming boy, to heir his wealth and name,
From Hepburn's wedded love, right early sprung;
Some seven years more, and then another came
Of softer sex; to both, the parents clung,
Affectionately fond; from Walter's tongue,
When broken accents, in light prattle, fell,
In melting tenderness they o'er him hung:
A parent's sympathy alone can tell
What rapture thrill'd each heart, and heav'd each bosom's swell,

IX.

And, in the covert of a neighbouring grove,
(The gentle rivulet flowing soft between,
Wherein the finny tribes were free to rove,
While summer suns, at sultry noon serene,
Gleam'd on the mirror of the woodland scene,)
The venerable Crawford dwelt; one fair
And only daughter, to his heart had been
The magnet still to which it turn'd; and there
Young Walter early stray'd, the good man's love to share,

X.

Still Emma Crawford by his side was seen,
Their joys were one in childhood's early day,
Whether, like fawns they sported on the green,
Or, through the garden alleys, sought their way,
'Mong arbours fair and flowery nooks, to play.
The rose's freshness dwelt upon each child;
At times, in sport, he from her sight would stray;
Then tears would glisten in her blue eyes mild,
And sobs would call him back, and then again she smiled.

XI.

His little feats were all by her inspired;
For her he ventured to the tallest bough,
And plucked the fair fruit which she most admired,
And oft the wild woods he would wander through,
And what, in all his search, he found of new
Or beautiful, he took; her bower then sought,
And gladly gave them to his Emma's view;
And much she loved the fruits and flowers he brought:
Thus were in early life her young affections bought.

XII.

Their years were equal; she remain'd alone
Of all that wont to grace her father's hall;
Save one dear pledge, there now to him was none,
That could the memory of the past recall,
Ere false hopes crush'd his spirit in their fall;
Though six fair children to the earth he gave,
With christian fortitude he bore it all,
Till ah! his faithful wife no art could save,
But, with her blooming band, dropt to the lonely grave.

XIII.

Her last faint smile was upon Emma's birth.
To him she loved she meant it to convey
The fond assurance, that one tie to earth
She yet had left him, on her dying day,
That Heaven would spare his sorrows to allay.
He rear'd the nursling up, with tender care,
She ever nestling in his bosom lay;
He offered up to Heaven the fervent prayer
That she might grow in grace, as well as beauty rare.

XIV.

Oh! how his heart, of other hopes forlorn,
Clung to this scion of so fair a tree,
And, from his breast, it pluck'd of grief the thorn,
The playmate of her infant sports to be,
To meet the kiss she proffer'd on his knee;
And when she gave to God, at morn and even,
Her young heart's offering, next her parent's, she
Remember'd Walter's name: so artless given,
Could prayers so pure, ere fail to waft their way to heaven?

XV.

And long, in bands of happy union join'd,
Had Hepburn, and his neighbour Crawford been;
A friendly intercourse of heart and mind
Had ever pass'd, since early life, between
Their kindred bosoms; dear to them I ween,
The mutual hope which early liking gave,
That yet, at Hymen's altar, would be seen
Their blooming offspring, and that Joy would wave
His light wings o'er their heads—the beautiful and brave.

XVI.

As, up the hill of life, the children climb,
More wide expand the blossoms of their spring,
And, led by love, came on their summer prime,
Affection's fruit maturely ripening.
The smiling Hours, flew by on golden wing,
As forth they often wandered, to adore
Great Nature's charms; for they to them would bring
The glowing ecstacy, the flowing o'er
Of feeling pure, which melts their hearts who know her lore.

XVII.

While Day stood trembling on th' horizon's verge,
And, o'er the sky, his rosy blushes spread,
To mark the landscape from the gloom emerge,
They loved to climb the trackless mountain's head,
And, when the sun up heaven his journey sped,
What mystic transports o'er each bosom stole,
When, with a thousand tints of light and shade,
That, ever varying, move the gazer's soul,
Great nature 'gan around her glories to unroll.

XVIII.

The mountain tops arose, as if in dance,
In gladness round them, and each cliffy hold
Bright'ning and smiling in the Morning's glance,
Shone o'er the dusky vale, a tower of gold;
Yet o'er the lake, the promontory bold,
And circling craggy steeps, their shadows threw:
Anon the sunshine o'er its bosom roll'd
And kindled to a flame its waters blue,
That shone, a silver plain, out branch'd the landscape through.

XIX.

As, on each feature of this scene sublime,
The eye and heart, in heavenly musings, dwelt;
Fair, as when angels " peal'd the march of time,"
And sung creation by th'Almighty built;
Within a present deity they felt,
And own'd his power, and his superior love;
In raptures inexpressible they melt,
That thus they should th' Eternal's goodness prove
That made the world so fair, and fills the heavens above.

XX.

Children of Nature, from the world shut out,
And shutting out the world, still round to them,
(Their hearts estranged from jealousy and doubt)
Each Season, robed in placid gladness, came
And fanned, with gentle wing, th' undying flame
That burn'd within them; ne'er, O gentle Love!
Did two hearts more devoted own thy name
And influence, ne'er did thy spirit move
Two bosoms more thine own, more fit thy joys to prove.

XXI.

The spirit of her being Emma drew
From Walter's smile, as, to the ray of heaven,
The rose, upon its thorn, refresh'd with dew,
Spreads forth its tender leaves rejoicing, even
So to *her* Sun, were her soft blushes given;
To him she was the source of life and light,
With whom he cared not where he might be driven;
For she was as the morning to his sight,
And pour'd upon his soul a stream of pure delight.

XXII.

The sunny hill they roam'd, at eventide,
With hearts as light as Hebe's, ever young,
Or smiling sat them by the fountain side,
While gentle converse flow'd from either tongue,
On which the ear and heart delighted hung;
And now their youthful vows to song were given;
The descant, as their blending voices sung,
The way-worn pilgrim, 'neath the star of even,
Has list'ning stood entranced, and deem'd the strain from heaven.

XXIII.

Thus pass'd their youth, as, on a summer sea,
Their bark of life held on its joyous way,
From treacherous rocks and frightful breakers free;
And all was sunshine, and the wild waves lay
In quiet round them, or but heaved in play;
It seem'd as if the world, for them alone,
In all its pomp and pride was made, and they
Sole dwellers there, so well each answering tone
Convey'd from heart to heart, the rapture all their own.

XXIV.

But now, O Love! thy sun a while must set,
And Scotia's realm no trace of thee must know,
A day must dawn, portentous, big with fate,
And signs are seen of strife, and blood, and woe:
Oppression dares aside her mask to throw,
And arms her with the engines of her power;
And thou, my Harp! anon, must change thy flow,
And sing thy Country, in her perilous hour,
When tyrants' rage is up their victims to devour.

XXV.

Was it for this my Country! loyal, true,
Thou bad'st the exile to his home return?*
That in thy blood he might his hands imbrue—
For promis'd gladness teach thee how to mourn—
The twice attested covenant to spurn—
Upon his God unblushing turn his back—
To bid the flames of persecution burn—
To break thy best and bravest on the rack—
And tread thy rights in dust, his thirst of power to slake?

* Charles the Second.

XXVI.

To see the altars of thy God o'erthrown,
And fire and sword his worshippers pursue;
A creed imposed, a faith thou dared'st not own,
The creature claim the great Creator's due,
And wield his power fair Freedom to subdue,
Thou couldst not brook. The worthies of the land,—
And it was well they were not faint nor few,
Reluctant long, at last unsheath'd the brand,
And fearless stood, prepared the tyrant to withstand.

XXVII.

And Crawford, who, in battles of his youth,
Had gain'd from friends and foes a soldier's name,
The first to combat in the cause of truth—
Her latest champion on the field of fame—
The oppressor's rod his spirit could not tame;
Superior to his cruel wrongs it rose;
Nor patriot ever felt a purer flame
Than his, to grapple with his Country's foes,
Who trode her glory down, and triumph'd in her woes.

XXVIII.

'Shall we,' he said, 'our right by birth forego
'And tamely yield us to the tyrant's yoke,
'The glow of liberty no more to know,
'But drink life's bitter draught, to slavery broke?
'No—rather meet him in the battle's shock:
'A traitor to his country and his God
'Is he, who dares his manhood thus to mock.
'We live to tread the path our fathers trod,
'And Victory crown'd their toil, and Glory deck'd their sod.

XXIX.

'The home, the country which their swords redeem'd,
'For lasting infamy we dare not sell:
'The faith we hold, for which their blood hath stream'd,
'And swell'd the torrents of their native vale,
'Lives there a man whom tyrants may compel
'It to resign? 'Twas not for such a son
'The sire a conqueror or martyr fell.
'Our father's swords are ours: the prize they won
'Shall yet be ours, when we their race of glory run'

XXX.

His casque had Hepburn fitted on his head,
And seized with eager grasp his battle brand,
And fast and far th' heroick ardour spread,
And gather'd round the flower of all the land.
Their mutual wrongs inspired the patriot band,
To make their much loved country's cause their own;
True as the warrior's glaive is to his hand,
By Crawford's side, where bolts of death are thrown,
They vow'd to die, or dash their proud oppressors down.

XXXI.

But ah! when woke the drum's tumultuous roll,
And trumpet's clang rose clamorous to the sky,
Keen was the pang that shook fair Emma's soul,
To mark the daring of her Walter's eye;
His maiden sword was girded on his thigh,
And nodded o'er his manly brow his plume.
'Oh! to the field of danger do not fly,'
She cried, 'I charge thee, think what fate may come
'To blight thy Emma's bloom, and her young hopes to dim.'

XXXII.

'Who dares this hour to lift his eyes to heaven,
He said, 'that feels his soul claim kindred there,
'And, from the cause of Truth, would now be driven,
'And bid her, in her native clime, despair?
'Who ever look'd upon his country fair,
'And felt th' ennobling pride of being free,
'And now could stoop to breathe polluted air
'In tyrant thrall?—Say could you bear to see
'That renegade, that slave exampled forth in me?

XXXIII.

'No, Emma, no, thy generous bosom feels
'An impulse worthier of thyself and sire.'
'I feel,' she said, 'my fear but ill conceals
'How much thy manly valour I admire.
'Go, Walter, go, and may my love inspire
'Thee in the battle's shock; shouldst thou prevail,
'I charge thee by that love, wreak not thine ire
'Upon a fallen foe.' 'Heaven with us deal
'As I obey,' he said, 'and all our sorrows heal.'

XXXIV.

One short embrace, one burning kiss, and then
They tore themselves asunder, and both felt,
In that brief period an age of pain,
And agony severe: pale Emma knelt
Before her sire, whose heart to tears did melt
As her he bless'd; she felt not his caress,
On that hour's woe so deep her spirit dwelt—
And they are gone, and, in her grief's excess,
Life is to her a void, the world a wilderness.

END OF THE PART FIRST.

WALTER AND EMMA,

OR

A TALE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

PART SECOND.

I.

Now tents were spread, and arms and armour gleam'd,
Where Clyde, a mirror to the martial show,
Roll'd smoothly on; and flaunting banners stream'd,
Waving a proud defiance to the foe,
And bright, in golden characters, did glow
The motto that on seraph wings, to heaven*
Lifted their souls, who, 'spite of every woe,
With holy zeal 'gainst tyranny had striven,
And, from the post of Truth, would but by Death be driven.

* The motto of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge was "Christ's Crown and Covenant."

II.

'Twas even-tide, ere yet the summer sun
Had quench'd his glory in the western wave,
The patriots mark'd, upon th' horizon dun,
(A sight that fired the courage of the brave,)
The foes approach; their lengthening columns gave
A varying colour to the earth and sky;
And fiery tyrant there, and passive slave
Came rapid on, beneath Oppression's eye—
Stern Ruin leads the way, Death's banners o'er them fly.

III.

The river roll'd its gentle tide between
The kindred foes, and dying day forbade
Them, at that hour, to light the battle scene,
And, for a space, Death's revelry delay'd;
But Grahame and Dalzell were reluctant staid
From darting forth, like blood-hounds, on their prey;
With savage eagerness they long'd to wade
Through martyr blood, nor brook'd the short delay
That kept their wolfish souls from where red carnage lay

IV.

Such were the tools, by which the tyrant sought
To work the ruin of his native land:
And they, with blood of many victims, bought,
(Though Heaven with infamy their names might brand)
The praise of being fitted to his hand.
Oh God! that human fiends should e'er prevail,
To crush thy servants knit in holy band!
Shall tyrants thus with man for ever deal?
O bend in mercy down, the poor oppress'd to heal!

V.

What time the fairest of the host of heaven,
From out her secret chamber in the sky,
Had in her gleaming silver chariot driven,
And shone o'er earth in glorious majesty.
And o'er the vaulted firmament on high,
Her star-gem'd canopy mild Evening spread,
And strew'd, of freshning dew, a rich supply
O'er earth, whereon must redder drops be shed,
Whene'er th' eventful dawn shall spring from Ocean's bed,

VI.

At such an hour, from where, upon the lawn,
The patriots lay; by heavy cares oppress'd,
Had Walter to the river's bank withdrawn.
The camp, on either side, had sunk to rest,
Save where the sentinels themselves address'd
To watchful vigilance, and chiefs, in prayer,
Pour'd each to God the troubles of his breast,
And sought of him to make his Kirk his care,
And strengthen well their hands to-morrow's toil to bear.

VII.

There, midst the silence of the noon of night,
Stood Walter musing long, and thus began:
'And is it so that they do deem aright
'Who think so hardly of the guilt of man?
'Has he so far forsaken Mercy's plan—
'Feels he in blood and death so stern a joy—
'Does he but breathe, destruction's flame to fan—
'In working woe his brightest hours employ?
'And do fell tyrants reign, but only to destroy?

VIII.

'Oh! who could stand before heaven's awful King,
'At this dread solemn hour, and bid him bear
'Witness to deeds, such as the dawn shall bring?
'A country whelm'd in misery and despair;
'Or driven to desperation, nobly dare,
'With waste of many lives, to burst the chain
'Which galls her sore,—To plead false glory's glare—
'Ambition's sting that mocks at human pain,
'Could Justice ill appease for patriots,—martyrs slain.

IX.

'O Night! thou counsellor with whom the wise
'Hold sweet communion, it is still from thee
'We learn, on contemplation's wing, to rise,
'And from our mortal coil a while break free:
'We mingle with the Universe, and see
'The place we occupy, in God's great whole,
'And human grandeur then appears to be
'Even less than nothing; and the proud control
'Which tyrants boast, is but a mockery of the soul.

X.

'Then who can name the madness which pricks on
'The proud insatiate conquerors of the earth?
'The men of blood and woe, whose hearts of stone
'No pity know, and who do deem it worth,
'Like Hydras, from their dens, to issue forth,
'Whilst Terror stalks before, and o'er their rear
'Dark Desolation hangs; and a new birth
'They give to Death and Pestilence, who tear
'The shatter'd cords of life, and boast their mad career.

XI.

'Though little minds may, for a season, dwell
'With admiration, on such deeds as these;
'More virtuous bosoms feel within them swell
'Th' indignant sigh of grief, and to appease
'Their wounded spirits, they do gladly seize,
'The names and doings from oblivion's shade,
'Of those, the weight of human woe to ease,
'Who lent in danger's hour their willing aid,
'And oft Destruction's darts have in mid volley stay'd.

XII.

'Ye noble Spirits! and ye Men of worth
'Whom patriotic toils could never tire!
'Your names have lent a savour to the earth,
'Whilst lingers round us still your spirits' fire!
'I feel it in the air I now respire,
'It swells my heart with energy divine:
'O! could my soul to flights like yours aspire!
'In Freedom's cause your matchless deeds be mine,
'Of which each bosom is a consecrated shrine:

XIII.

'Then would my country own, that not in vain
'I lived, and poured my spirit and my blood
'Out on the heath, where burst the tyrant's chain,
'And Truth and Liberty triumphant stood:
'Oh! say who would not, for his country's good,
'Lay down his life, a willing sacrifice?—
'His spirit, from her altar unsubdued,
'With heaven-born vigour, shall in triumph rise
'To a more glorious home, that waits him in the skies.

XIV.

'And when the trump, dread harbinger of war,
'Shall sound, to rouse the combat on the heath,
'And battle's dismal echoes ring afar,
'To tell where thickest fall the storms of death,
'My lovely Emma, with my latest breath,
'Shall I not bless thee?—we may meet no more!
'Oh yes! heaven's peace to thee I will bequeath,
'Who wast the sweetner of my life before—
'To whom my heart still clings, and whom I still adore.

XV.

'The playful smiling of that beaming eye,
'Wherein each fond, yet pure affection dwelt,
'And Oh! that voice of heavenly harmony,
'Its tones of love still seem my soul to melt;
'With thee I more than earth-born rapture felt;
'An air of heaven, my Love, was round thee still;
'And all the charms which young Love knew, were dealt
'Profusely out to thee, thine image will,
'In all its loveliness, in death, my bosom fill.

XVI.

'But Oh! to leave thee in the world alone,
'Perchance to weep thy sire's and lover's doom,
'Seeking, in vain, their graves to weep upon,
'Thy bright eyes faded, and thy summer bloom
'Of early beauty, lost in sorrow's gloom;
'The thought unmans my soul! But to withstand
'My country's call I may not now presume—
'I bow to Thee, my fate is in thy hand;
'But spare, in mercy spare, O God! my native land.'

XVII.

Like virgin's cheek, when, with her maids around,
She meets the bridegroom of her youth and love,
The skies are flush'd; in rosy freshness crown'd,
The Morn is throned, the mountain tops above;
And all around his kindling glories prove
Day's march begun, who, on the earth and sky,
Smiles as if hate no living thing could move,
And gladness, beaming from his bright'ning eye,
Awakes all nature up to love and harmony.

XVIII.

But not so man; like foam of ocean toss'd,
When roar and dash its billows to the shore,
By passion's storm driven on, his rudder lost,
He reels and revels midst a sea of gore:
With thunder's voice war's dreadful engines roar,
And Death and Havoc ride upon the blast
Of Battle's breath, that darkly mantles o'er
The groaning field, where struggling to the last,
Foemen on foemen fall, in one red ruin vast.

XIX.

And Slavery stalks gigantic o'er the dead;
Her shouts, exulting, up to heaven ascend;
Yet Freedom's banners, on the gale, are spread,
And, ere Oppression's fangs their glory rend,
Must many hearts be cold, who dare defend
To death, their much loved country's holiest cause.
The tumult swells, they triumph who contend
For liberty, with that resolve which draws
From men eternal praise, from Heaven a proud applause.

XX.

Beneath their arms still grows the work of death,
And fast and far Destruction's bolts are driven,
And hotter still ascends the Battle's breath
In sulphury clouds, that blot the face of heaven:
The earth, in terror shakes, convulsed, and riven
By thunders, which heaven's loudest pealings mock,
And, for a prey to Desolation given,
Do thousands press on thousands to the shock
Of conflict, that must burst or bind the tyrant's yoke.

XXI.

Proud Monmouth yet his shatter'd strength unites,
And, like a torrent, pours upon the band
Of brothers, who defend their country's rights.
Nor Walter harmless wields his battle brand
By Crawford's side: Like headland towers, they stand
Amidst the wreck. Fierce Burley to the foe
Defiance hurls, and 'neath his strong right hand,
Gasping in gore lie many warriors low:
And foemen fall around 'neath Hepburn's every blow.

XXII.

But why, 'midst shouts of victory, Oh God!
Why droop their crests? Why stand they thus aghast?
Can souls like theirs submit to kiss the rod,
Or yield like cravens to the rushing blast,
And certain conquest, with its price to cast
Away? No—Treachery hath doom'd their fall;
And fiend-like Faction through their ranks hath pass'd,
And spread o'er Scotland's glorious hopes a pall;
Quench'd freedom's sun, in blood, and madly ruin'd all.

XXIII.

Yes, from the post of Truth and victory torn,
The brave, defenceless, bowing to the dust:
Not for themselves, but for their country mourn;
Her gashes bleed, and long she bleeding must
Crouch at their frown whose breasts are fired with lust
Of murderous deeds, and pant for power, to make
Their wills a lawless law; man to be just
Alas! hath ceased; and tyrants league to take
Life's fairest hopes away, and bid her griefs awake.

XXIV.

And where are now the gay delights of youth,
The visions fair, that as they pass'd, impress'd
On Emma's soul, the semblance fair of truth?
The raptured days, when Love and Joy possess'd
The sunny region of her maiden breast?
Gone with the days that were. On Bothwell's field
Of blood, the hopes wherein she long was bless'd
Were lost, and, in her country's doom was seal'd
Her fate of sorrow, which o'er all her heart prevail'd.

XXV.

And long she mourned her Walter, doom'd to roam
Far western worlds, o'er many a stranger clime,
A woe worn exile from his native home:
So will'd they with whom virtue was a crime,
And memory oft reverted to the time,
When hand in hand in innocence they strayed
'Mong woodland scenes, where mountains rose sublime,
On whose bright tops the smile of Evening play'd,
And round their happy path her golden light delay'd.

XXVI.

Now other mountains rose upon her view,
In whose deep bosoms sheltered the oppress'd:
Cold were their hearths, where Love and Joy once drew
Their circles round, and their loved homes effaced,
No more but by their ashes could be traced:
The oppressors' wrath, like wild simoon, had swept
From shore to shore, and turned the land to waste.
'Twas well for them in bloody grave that slept,
Nor shared their sorrows who in desolation wept.

XXVII.

Far from his father's halls was Crawford driven,
Whilst strangers claim'd his patrimony fair,
And Hepburn, 'reft of every stay but Heaven,
In caverns dwelt, and savage glens, where rare
The oppressors might their deeds of murder dare:
And, had his son still by his side been seen,
Not all unhappy had his hours been there;
But Ah! that oceans roll'd their floods between,
He droop'd like tree, whose hold of earth hath shaken been.

XXVIII.

Yet, though a price upon the wanderers' heads
Was set, and many sought them for a prey,
Where, in the wild, the mountain streamlet leads
Its desert path, they fearless met to pray;
Their God in unwall'd temple sought, and they
Found that his love makes glad the wilderness,
Faint on their souls of heaven's eternal day
The light had broke, and of their deep distress
The bitter tears had changed, to songs of thankfulness.

XXIX.

Yes, from the valley deep, or lone hill side,
Oft startled Solitude rejoiced to hear
The songs of Zion swell, though men deride
Their sufferings, and their feelings; yet more dear,
Than all the pomp of Splendour's proud career,
To them, their country's hallowed wilds among,
Was one sweet hour to God of drawing near,
List'ning the holy men, whose names shall long
Inspire the patriot Bard, and sanctify his song.

XXX.

Yes, in their country's annals, long shall shine
The names of Cameron, Kid, Cargill, and King,
M'Kail, and Renwick; and, of light divine,
Still o'er their tombs shall grateful Freedom fling
A sacred halo: When far years shall wing
Their flight, and join the past eternity;
Their country to the cause will ever cling
For which they bled, and on the hope rely
Which gave them, o'er the Grave and Death, the victory.

XXXI.

And still, where met the congregated throng,
Upon her father's arm would Emma lean;
While deep he ponder'd on his country's wrong,
The bodings rose that soon his mortal scene
Would close, and she, whose filial love had been
His only earthly hope, lovely and lone,
When death had pass'd their mutual hearts between,
Must bear the world's fell scorn before unknown!
The thought would goad his soul, and force a stifled groan.

WALTER AND EMMA,

OR

A TALE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

PART THIRD.

I.

There is a sweetness in our native air,
A spell that binds us to our native plains,
A holy love for home, which makes us dare
The sternest danger, to remove the stains
That regal spoilers, whom no law restrains,
Put on our country's name; this Crawford felt,
And that, (while life blood circled in his veins,)
Her joys would glad him, and her sorrows melt,
So oft he vow'd when he before her altars knelt.

II.

But Ah! too soon he to the spoilers fell
A prey, and o'er his free born limbs were cast
A dungeon's chains; and torture to compel
His soul to yield they try'd: but to the last
He to his God and country's cause held fast,
And, 'gainst his bloody persecutors, bore
A bitter testimony, which had pass'd
But lightly or in vain their hearts all rocky o'er,
Yet with too late remorse, in death their bosoms tore.

III.

And, ere he bow'd beneath the heads-man's stroke,
And to the cause of truth a martyr fell,
His orphan child upon his slumbers broke:
She came to bid her sire a last farewell.
And who that father's agony can tell,
When, in his last embrace, his child he press'd,
And felt the deep convulsive bursts, that swell
Her rending heart? While throbb'd his manly breast,
His deep prophetic soul he solemn thus express'd.

IV.

'And is it thus we meet my tender flower?
'Image of her who now looks down from heaven,
'In mother's love, upon our parting hour,
'And woes, 'gainst which thine innocence has striven;
'Yet from above, will help to thee be given,
'And joy shall find thee, when this shatter'd frame,
'Diseased by dungeon damp, by torture riven,
'Shall sleep in dust—But O! unquench'd the flame—
'The immortal hope that clings to my Redeemer's name.

V.

'I thank him for this trial of my trust
'That yet remains, unshaken in his love,
'The hour that lays me bleeding in the dust,
'My soul shall meet him in th' realms above,
'And to his Father's house, a welcome prove,
'With his redeem'd, forever more to reign.
'Then what of earth can my free spirit move?
'Nor shall I of my doom of death complain,
'Though from my quivering heart, the last warm drop they drain.

VI.

'Yet not in earth shall sink the martyr's blood,
'Like water shed, but cry aloud to Heaven
'For vengeance on their guilty heads, who stood,
'And still do stand, against the light that's given
'Unto this favoured land. Vain have they striven—
'Nor shall they long their country's councils lead,
'But o'er the scorning world again be driven
'To beg from Charity's cold hand their bread;
'And long their doom shall fill earth's tyrant lords with dread.

VII.

'And Truth shall, in her pristine glory, shine,
'Wide o'er this realm, and to the sons of men,
'Speak peace and heavenly comfort, and shall twine
'Her wreath with Freedom's chaplet, which again
'Shall bloom around the Throne and Altar. Then
'Shall Scotland envy'd of the nations be,
'And her fair fame shall admiration gain
'To latest ages, from the sage and free——
'The loved—the happy home of Truth and Liberty.

VIII.

'My hour has come, and visions to my soul
'Of fairer worlds and happier climes appear.
'My child farewell!—th' Eternal God control
'Thy bitter fate, and teach thee how to bear—
'A long farewell—my child—my Emma dear.'
In speechless grief around his knees she clung,
With eager grasp, while burst a bitter tear,
That struggling Nature from his dim eye wrung,
As o'er her lovely form in sorrow's trance he hung.

IX.

Like lily, bow'd to earth, surcharg'd with rain,
As she, with fainting steps and slow, withdrew;
'There burst the ties that would, on earth, detain
'My longing soul,' he cried, 'now world, adieu;
'To friends, to foes, to sabbath sweets that threw
'O'er life a charm, an earnest of the sky;
'And sun, and moon, and stars, and life, to you
'Farewell! come God and all thy saints on high;
'Time is no more, then welcome, bless'd Eternity.'

X.

Years pass'd away, but still her sable shroud
Had Slavery o'er devoted Scotland thrown,
And, only in the wilds of solitude,
Was Freedom, to her faithful votaries, known,
Who dared, while all were slaves, be free, alone.
There Hepburn, to his heart, the daughter took,
The martyr'd Crawford's child, and as his own
He loved her, and a father's feelings shook
His frame, upon her brow and fading cheek to look.

XI.

Deep in her soul had sunk her father's fate,
And sore she wept her much loved Walter's doom,
And ills that seem'd her country still to wait,
Ere she her native vigour could resume,
Or rend the veil that more than midnight gloom
Had cast around; to sooth her anxious care
Would Walter's sister oft (in maiden bloom)
Her sprightly wit employ—her love might share,
But could not check the grief 'twas Emma's doom to bear.

XII.

While Hepburn's mind upon the ruin dwelt
That tyrants wrought, upon his house and heart,
'Hath Pity ceased for ever more to melt
'The human breast,' he said, 'and to impart
'Her charities? Oh Tyranny! thou art
'The bane of all that man e'er held most dear;
'Thou strik'st each rising joy with poison'd dart,
'Turning the smile of gladness to a tear—
'O when shall Scotland's sons arrest thy fell career?

XIII.

'In loud lament she seems her voice to raise,
'And pours her plaint, in wailings deep, that she,
'Who stood a wonder in her former days,
'Beneath the covert of fair Freedom's tree,
'Should now a mockery to the wide world be:
'And weeps o'er them, the proud, the patriot band,
'Who shed their blood that she might still be free—
'The brothers of my soul, who strew'd the land
'Like summer flowers, that fall beneath the mower's hand.

XIV.

'God of my fathers, shall thine anger burn
'Against my country and thy Church forever?
'O! in thy mercy, to these lands return,
'And from the men of blood thy saints deliver,
'And to the race of tyrants leave us never,
'Who long have ceased to rule in thy dread name;
'Their bands of bondage do thou haste to sever,
'And cast them forth, so long our Island's shame,
'And round our shores again, O light up Freedom's flame!'

XV.

While thus he pray'd, upon his knees he fell,
His arms and eyes were lifted up to heaven:
Ere he arose a stripling came to tell
The great deliverance to his country given,
'Father,' he cried, 'in vain we have not striven;
'Britain indignant, bursts the despot's chains;
'With all their crimes the accursed race are driven
'For ever hence, no trace of them remains;
'Our wounds are binding up, and good King William reigns.'

XVI.

'These news to me like life are from the dead'
The good man answer'd mild, 'not idle then
'Have been our martial toils, nor blood we shed;
'We've roused our country's energies again;
'I feel a freeman's vigour in each vein;
'And life and liberty inspire my heart;
'My father's halls in peace I shall regain,
'Where all her truths Religion may impart.
'O thou, my God! my God, my comforter thou art.'

XVII.

'And may I not,' enquired the gentle youth,
'Now crave a boon, my sire of Heaven and thee?
'Thy daughter fair, whose matchless charms and truth
'I long have loved, but dared not wed till we
'Should see our country from the spoilers free.'
'Yes Maxwell, yes, my Helen shall be thine,
'Soon as our hearths re-kindled we shall see,
'Their earliest light shall on thy nuptials shine;
'And with thy love and truth, my blessing shall entwine.'

XVIII.

The happy home they sought, where love once brought
The golden hours, that pass'd on downy wing,
Her wonted haunts of joy fair Emma sought,
That former days did to her memory bring;
She sate beneath the hawthorn's bloss'ming,
Where Walter oft did lead her, when a child.
Those flowers did yet around a freshness fling
Of which she oft had twined her garlands wild,
And now she loved them more that he had on them smiled.

XIX.

As there she mused on ruin'd hopes that fell,
Too early shaken from life's blighted tree,
A gleam of gladness would her grief dispel,
Her much loved Helen's happiness to see,
That she for long a joyful wife might be,
She pray'd of Heaven. But Oh the pain it gave,
As rose the thought that never more might she
Behold her Walter; but that o'er the wave,
That evening sun might set upon his peaceful grave.

XX.

Forlorn and sad she sought the festive board,
Where soon the man of God the marriage bless'd;
And healths were pledged to Helen and her lord,
And love and tenderness, and that sweet trust
Which greatly to young virtuous bosoms must
Enhance the nuptial tie; and there was one
(Each heart did with a thousand blessings list
His honour'd name), whom they would pledge, and none
But mourned o'er Walter's fate, and dwelt his praise upon.

XXI.

Yet ere the wine cup to the lip was stretch'd
Amidst them rush'd a stranger, from the door;
The chamber's inmost corner soon he reach'd,
And, speechless, stood upon the festive floor.
Ere yet a moment's silence did endure
From Emma burst the agitated cry:
Walter! my Walter!—Then she was not sure
Whether the form that pass'd before her eye
Was her lov'd Walter, or an angel from the sky.

XXII.

'Twas he himself—upon her neck he fell;
With tears of joy she clung to his embrace,
And Oh! what pencil or what pen can tell
The sweet expression of her angel face,
When Walter spoke the words of love and peace
The fond assurance they no more should part?
And how much did his father's joy increase,
To strain his valiant boy unto his heart,
And to him former woe and present bliss impart?

XXIII.

Then midst the blessings of each joyful guest
The faithful pair, in wedlock's holy bands,
Plighted their mutual troth. Free was the feast;
And mirth and music, all that Love demands
To grace her sacred rites, were here commands
Most willingly obey'd, and all with one
Accord the anthem swell'd, that while it stands
The basis of the people's love upon,
May angels have in charge to guard the British throne.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Adown the dale, where dewy Eve
First draws around her filmy veil,
And gently urges Day to leave
The fairy scene she loves so well:

There, by the rude rock sheltered kind,
Where winds the wild wood skirted wave,
Oh, there will weeping pilgrims find
The youthful Poet's sylvan grave.

'Twas there he loved, while yet the morn
But dawn'd upon the sleeping glade,
To mark the beauties that adorn
Fair Nature's face around him spread.

And on the upland would he stand,
When twilight faded on the sky,
And gaze, while Night, with dewy hand,
Hung up her silver lamps on high.

And there the young enthusiast wove
His earliest lays, to nature true,
And Fancy smiling from above,
Her magic mantle o'er him threw.

Oh! then, to his enraptured view,
Would fairy worlds unnumber'd rise;
Each changing scene his pencil drew
And decked them fair, in mortal guise,

His walks were not with other men;
Their sordid joys he never sought,—
But gazed on heaven, on hill and plain,
In bliss, to high delirium wrought.

Oh! how he woke the living lyre
To sing of all thy glory, Spring!
Then grateful to his grave retire,
And all thy choicest offerings bring.

Yes, round the turf that shields his rest
Let all thy vernal sweets appear,
For ever blooming on his breast,
Unchanged amid the changing year.

The village swains and maids, at eve,
Lean pensive o'er his hallowed urn,
And teach, while wild flower wreaths they weave,
The woods and rocks around to mourn.

And fairy people take delight
To hold their moonlight revels there,
And trip it to the glow-worms' light,
While music charms the midnight air.

And Fancy loves to drop a tear
Where peaceful sleeps her favourite son,
And bids her handmaids linger near
To guard and bless his burial stone.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE BATTLE FIELD

NEAR BANNOCKBURN.

Here, on the earth's cold breast,
The brave have sunk to rest;
Their battle blade beside,
Dyed in the purple tide
Of foemen's reeking gore,
Who sought in slavery
To quench their bravery
And proudly lord them o'er.

When Thraldom vengeful came
Their spirits' pride to tame,
To guard his native land
Each seized his father's brand,
(Who too for freedom bled)
And madden'd with her foes,
In mortal strife to close—
The Bruce to battle led.

Ere life's last sands were run
His country's cause was won,
The heroes' lullaby
Was shouts of victory,
The song of triumph rose,
'My country's free!' he cried,
And bless'd her name, and died,
And died to heal her woes.

If there's a holier spot
Than Fancy's children wot,
If on the clouds of even,
Descend the bless'd from heaven,
On earth a while to dwell,
'Tis by the hallowed grave,
Where sleep the honoured brave,
Who for their country fell.

THE GREEK GIRL
TO HER LOVER.

Talk not of love and beauty's charms,
They shine but to the brave and free
Whose soul can brook his country's harms,
Can hugg her chains of slavery,
Love cannot act so vile a part
As light upon so base a heart.

If maiden's true love you would gain,
Arm arm and to the battle field!
And prove, mid heaps of tyrants slain,
Your country's stay, your country's shield;
Then one true heart will beat for thee—
One faithful maid your meed shall be.

The sun of love and glory shed
His farewell ray on this loved land,
When th' infidel his banners spread,
When th' Arab's lance and Turkish brand
Her cities sack'd, and fired her plains,
And bound her sons in captive chains.

Enough, enough to rouse the dead,
Hath this devoted country borne,
And can the living fear to tread
The path to fame, in noble scorn
Of what these tyrant Turks can do,
Whom Ruin notes and will pursue?

The hour of vengeance has gone forth,
And well will Greece that hour employ,
She dares not own the recreant's birth
Who thinks upon another joy,
Than mingling in the glorious toil
That will redeem her classic soil.

If maiden's true love you would gain
Arm arm and to the battle field!
And prove 'mid heaps of tyrants slain,
Your country's stay, your country's shield;
Then one true heart will beat for thee—
One faithful maid your meed shall be.

HOME.

A SONNET.

Home! what is in that word that makes it sound
So magically sweet, and makes it light
Upon the heart, as if a spell was bound
Up in the breath that forms it? Is it might
For glorious doings in the field of fame
That it doth promise? Or perhaps it tells
Of blazon'd honours, that will grace our name,
Of pomp, of pageantry, and all that swells
The airy train of full blown grandeur? No,
It whispers to the heart of dearer joy
'Mong friends we love, who still, to soothe our woe,
And wake delight, their anxious thoughts employ.
And where the wanderer no more to roam
Is hail'd, with tears of love and joy, that, that is home.

WINTER.

AN ODE.

The rude winds have burst from their caves in the north;
In anger and fury they, bellowing forth,
Have rifled the plains with a merciless arm,
And spread throughout nature the sound of alarm.

The trembling brown leaf quits the lone naked tree;
The flowers hang their heads, and expire on the lea:
The voice of the lark, that awaken'd the morn,
Has sunk, 'mid the loud howling din of the storm.

The cataract roars, as it dashes amain,
To mingle with torrents that cover the plain:
The big snowy clouds hurl through the dark air:
All nature is wrapt in the gloom of despair.

Yet a while, and the season will brighten again,
And Nature will smile o'er her cheerful domain :
The woodlands and valleys with music shall ring ;
And the blossoms rejoice in the breath of the spring.

But, alas ! what can gladden the winter of age ?
No changes of season can slacken its rage :
No sun's genial beams can its dreariness know,
Nor the raptures of spring in its cold bosom glow.

'Tis the brightness of virtue, the lustre of truth,
That charmed in the gay gilded season of youth,
Reflected on age, that can brighten its gloom,
And light to the summer beyond the dark tomb.

ADDRESS

TO HOLYROOD HOUSE.

The midnight moon in silence keeps
Her journey through the cloudless sky;
Her streaming glory gilds the steeps
That distant meet the musing eye.

But not the mountain's glittering height,
Nor milder lustre of the vale,
Nor sounds that, on the ear of Night,
Steal from the blue waves murmuring swell,

Can woo my heart from settled thought
Of feats, that marked the days of yore,
Of fields where fierce my fathers fought;
And victory's streaming banner bore.

Oft has the tide of slavery roll'd
Its sweeping billows o'er the land,
But Albion still their course controll'd;
She checked their force and fixed their stand.

The mountain Spirit ruled supreme;
At foemen's idle hate t'would smile,
And bade the torch of freedom beam
From cliff to cliff, around our isle.

Then every bosom joyous beat,
And every heart exulted free;
On every dauntless brow there sat
Enthroned, the smile of liberty.

Ah! then, ye stately towers that weep
O'er cold neglect and cruel scorn,
And tell the winds that murmuring sweep,
Of all the woes that you have borne—

Then Scotland true to Scotland stood,
Through ebbs and flows of fortune's tide;
And on her honoured Holyrood
She fondly threw a glance of pride.

Within thy halls her Monarch's train
Who fill'd an independent throne,
And potent ruled her wide domain,
Long with a matchless lustre shone—

And Chiefs, whom glory lighted on
To deeds of more than mortal might;
Whose lives, like flaming meteors shone,
Or stars upon the brow of Night—

And Dames, of angel form and face,
As e'er made light a hero's toil;
With gentle spirit's inborn grace
Shed sweeter loves around their smile.

To such in Sootia's happier days
Thou oft hast seen the banquet spread;
And heard the Bard's enraptured lays,
As lightly o'er the strings he sped.

But now alas! forsaken, sad,
Thou'rt left to mourn these latter times,
And weep their fate who, banished, had
To suffer for a nation's crimes.

With them her independence fled;
Her worth—her honour—spare the shame!
In vain—in vain a Wallace bled—
A Bruce obtained immortal fame.

HARVEST HOME.

When Scotia's bonny mountains blue
A darker dress assume,
And rays mair o' a gowden hue
Their towering tops illume:
When yellow leaves bestrew the plains,
That naked now appear,
All, all declare to joyous swains,
The Harvest Home is near;
On some blyth night.

The farmer sees his stacks in rows
Secured wi' thack and rape;
And up a wally mound he throws
O'er ilk potatoe heap;
Nor blaudin' showers nor storm's turmoil,
Can now his peace destroy,
And a' who shared the season's toil,
Maun come and share his joy
This vera night.

The Scottish Muse has woke to sing
O' Yule and Halloween,
And Beltane games that May do bring
To clad the earth in green.
But ah! they bear the stamp o' Beast
O'er seven hill'd Rome that reigns,
Or days when Druids wont to feast
On human blood and brains,
On ony night.

But gie's the merry Harvest Home—
No pagan dress it wears;
Nor has it aught to do wi' Rome,
Nor stamp o' Beast it bears;
But just God's creatures social come
For gifts his goodness sent,
Their gladsome thanks to offer him,
On's altar ca'd content,
Sae free this night.

Now lads and lasses gather in,
And wives right trig an' braw,
And auld guidmen to share the fun,
Throw crazy eild awa'.
O! sweet to see ilk blythsome face
Smirk round the groaning table;
The auldest man gi'es them the grace—
Syne till't as fast's they're able
They fa' this night.

Here rouns o' beef—a mutton bouk,—
There mony a fowl an' chicken,
An' stacks o' cakes sae fair's they look,
By Mayzie's ain hands baken.
The haggis' entrails gushing out
Tempt mony a spoon an' palate,
It's unco guid withoutindoubt,
That, wymes bent like a wallet,
Ken weel this night.

Now wi' the cheese the yill gaes roun',
Right meet for throats that geyzen,
And drams to haud the dinner down
Clunk sweetly o'er their weyzen.
Like pistol shots out flee the corks,
Sweet sound to drunkin wight!
And plates and spoons, and knives and forks
Are a' put out o' sight,
Right smart this night.

Is there aneath the lift a sight
Can heeze the heart up higher,
Than in a bien room snug an' tight
Before a rantan fire,
To see a band o' brithers meet
Around the jolly bowl,
That will the flame o' friend'ship beet,
And wide expand the soul,
Sae grand this night.

Our crystal planets round the sun
Their joyous course careering,
Still shedding blessings as they run,
The passing hour endearing;
The merry tale, the jovial sang,
The crack, the joke sae witty,
That wakes the laugh sae loud and lang,
I vow 'tis mair than pretty
To ane this night.

To him wha fills the elbuck chair,
And spreads sic gladness round him;
Lang, lang may he sic evenings share,
And ne'er mishaps astound him:
But ony o' the upstart race
That count sic joys below them,
They're to their fathers a disgrace;
Their country sudna know them,
On nae blyth night.

But now the fiddler screws his pegs,
The lasses' hearts beat rarely;
The lads a' loup up to their legs
And fa' to dancin' fairly:
Wi' gladsome hearts they trip and wheel,
And never seem to weary,
Like fairy band they loup and reel,
Ilk lad wi' his ain dearie,
Sae fond this night.

But whare is Bessie Law, that wont
To be sae blyth and cheery,
Whas een gart a' the lads' hearts dunt,
And cheeks red as the cherry?
Alas! poor thing, she sits at hame
And mourns her sad undoin',
A villain's brought her to black shame,
And's left her to her ruin,
An' wae this night.

O bonny lasses lat me tell,
If Virtue winna gain ye
A man, Vice winna do sae well,
But muckle it may pain ye:
Against this friendly hint frae me,
Your lugs O dinna steek;
When ye've gien a' ye hae to gie,
Your lads hae nought to seek
Nae ither night.

Now Grannie cracks her thumbs and's up
To hae a reel wi' Johnnie,
And sang! though bow'd we eild, they trip
The floor as light as ony.
Oh! how delightsome thus to see
Auld age forget its sorrow,
And e'en gang back to twenty three,
To seek an hour to borrow
O' joy this night.

The drink gaes roun', still grows the fun,
The fiddling, and the dancing;
And louder grows the blythsome din,
And een are brighter glancing:
The lads and lasses whiles slip out,
To cuddle ither cozie,
O' Robin's love Jean has nae doubt,
But leans upon his bozie
Sae kind this night.

Her anger now is a' forgot,
Cause last week at the fair,
She heard he coft to Mary Scott,
A caping kame sae rare;
Nor minds he o' the speech he made,
Wi' which he meant to taunt her,
Because, wi' Jamie Dow, she gied
Frae hame when he did want her,
To meet ae night.

There is about our Scottish lasses,
A nameless something still,
That ilka foreign quean surpasses,
Gae wander whare ye will:
Their modest air, o' sense their share,
Their kindness, and yet coy:
He's doubly bless'd wha free frae care,
Shares hours o' rapturous joy
Wi' them this night.

Time sweetly smiling passes by,
Ilk hour delighted sees them,
Till chanticleer wi' his shrill cry,
A parting warning gies them:
Then a' take leave, and to their hames
They hurry ilka ane,
And creep to bed, t'enjoy in dreams,
The Harvest Home again,
Sae sweet this night.

Home of my Sires, my father's land!
Joy, joy to you be given;
Long may your sons, for virtue stand,
The favour'd still of Heaven:
Fair may your fields and vallies smile,
The farmer's care rewarding;
And ne'er may tyrants wreck their toil,
Their sorrows disregarding,
Some ither night.

FORRES

MIDSUMMER FAIR.

When summer suns light up the morn,
And glint on meadows green,
And sweeping fields o' waving corn
That glad the farmer's een;
And flowery swairds perfume the breeze
That beats upon our brow,
And gies our hearts an unca heeze,
And gars our bosoms glow
Wi' joy ilk day.

The youngsters speer o'er dale an' down,
Whan is Midsummer fair?
Whan will we win to Forres town,
To see the wallies rare?
Their little hearts rejoice when told
The happy day is near,
An' ere they be a week mair auld,
They winna need to speer
For it some day.

And when the happy morn has come,
Ere weel the stars are out,
The reek is seen owre ilka lum
For mony miles about;
And gawsie wives, and fond guidmen,
Are up, and mak' them ready,
An' a' is bustle but an' ben,
And toom is ilka beddie
Right air this day.

The lasses stand afore the glass,
Proud o' ilk blooming charm ;
An' shining in their bravest dress,
The cauldest heart might warm,
Than thousands mair divinely fair,
On whom has Grandeur smiled,
They blossom in our mountain air,
Like roses in the wild,
Sae sweet this day.

The lads loup up to don their claes,
Less laith than to their wark ;
An' ilk ane to his kist nook gaes,
To seek his Sunday's sark ;
An' ever keeps it in his mind,
O's cash no to be sparin',
For lasses like the lad that's kind,
And gies to them their farin'
In dress this day.

Now scudding on by burn an' brae,
The folk in droves are seen;
An' wives an' lasses barefit gae,
An' skelp it o'er the green.
The lav'rock's, singan in the lift,
A welcome to the sun,
An' ilka heart an' soul's in tift
For muckle glee an' fun
On sic a day.

Now thousands fill the crowded street, *
And ilka face looks cheerie,
And happy friends and neighbours meet,
And ilk lad meets his dearie;
They a' pack aff, their craigs to weet;
Their road's been lang and wearie—
And drinks and drams clunk owre fu' sweet,
Nae costs can mak them eerie,
Nor fley'd, this day.

* In Forres there is only one principal street where the Fair holds.

Wi' blessings grannie straiks the head
O' her wee fleetchan oye,
An' sen's him aff for ginger bread,
A proud an' happy boy!
The aged pair forget their years,
To see the children round them,
They bless an' kiss the little dears:
Nor care nor eild can wound them
Ava this day.

Whan ance we come to crazy eild,
There's naething can be given,
That sic delight an' joy can yield,
As this best gift o' Heaven;
Around our aged knees to see
Our children's children play,
And mingle in the artless glee
O' life's unclouded day,
Again that day.

Now chapman billies set in view
Their guids, an' wallies rare;
An' giglan jauds in owre they pou',
To buy frae them their fair.
The guid-wife sells her pack o' woo,
An' twa-three stane o' cheese,
An' syne the stan's she danders through,
An' tents weel what she sees,
O' braws this day.

The merchant chiels, their hearts loup light
To be sae thrang and busy,
An' o' its shining contents bright
They spulzie mony a huzzy;
An' hundreds, in their new claes drest,
Will be sae proud on Sunday,
That fient haet on their hearts can rest
O' Mess John's tale sae windy
An' lang that day.

Now tents are stretch'd out, rank an' file,
In scores upon the green,
An' browster wives, wi' mony a wile,
To woo folk in are seen:
An' crowds, wi drink frae jars an barrels,
Mak haste to quench their drouth;
An' Luckie prigs to pree her farls
An cheese, to gust their mouth,
Fu' nice this day.

Cries Watty to his crony Will,
'We've aft had drams thegither,
An', lad, well hae anither gill
Should things gang a' throughither.
A public house, this month, I swear
I haena set a nose in;
But, be the Cattle cheap or dear,
We'll get a hearty dose in
O' drink this day.

The dinsome drum an' skirlin fife
The deafest now maun hear,
An' pipes, that rouse a' to the life,
To ilka Scotsman dear:
They're beaten up for lads o' parts
Wha want to serve the King;
An' mony mithers get sair hearts,
When sons themselves do fling
Away this day.

An' Elspet Thom, amang the crowd,
Wi' ruefa face is seen,
For lang ill shapen Jamie Wood
She's maist glowr'd out her een;
But Jamie's nae whare to be found—
Then wi' a heavy grane
She says, 'there's nane aboon the ground
'Sae wretched—no not ane
'As me this day:

'My youthfa prime is dowan fast,
'An' I am nae yet married,
'Alack! I fear I'll rue at last
'That I sae lang hae tarried,
'When Willie swore his love to me
'My saucy pride I show'd it,
'Nor yet for Tam cared I a flee;
'A brawer hame I bodit
'Than theirs some day:

'But now, alas! my beauty's gane,
'An' like a warl's wonder,
'I'm left to dwine and die my lane,
'A cancrach humour under;
'O! Heaven forfend the fearfu' thought
'To live and die a maiden!
'Why was I to the warl brought,
'To leav't sae heavy laden
'As this some day?

The change house rings wi' clamorous din,
Auld wives an' carls are claveran,
An' lads an' lasses, in their fun,
Owre merry jokes are haveran:
While Geordie hitches near his Jean,
I wat he is nae coof,
Down by her side her han' he's taen,
'An' strains her creamy loof
In his this day.

A fluttering round his heart he feels,
The blood back to it rushes;
The conscious maiden scarce conceals
Her modest love warm blushes:
What hearts would say, if hearts could speak,
Is in their glances seen:
What true-love would from true-love seek
Has past the twa between
Unkend this day.

Now Leezie's wearied o' the fair,
And fain would tak the gaet,
An' says to Will, 'what good can't sair
'That we sud langer wait?'
'Daft lass,' he answers, 'in the lift
'The sun's owre high for hame.'
Poor Leezie kensna Willie's drift;
The villain's sair to blame
Wi' her this day.

The love he pledged beneath the thorn,
An' was to keep forever,
Although by a' aboon 'twas sworn,
'Twas meant but to deceive her:
An' now he wants it may be late
Ere they gang through the shaw,
An' syne he means no to be blate,
But wyle frae her away
Her a' this night.

He wha can play the villain's part,
A lover's smiles to borrow,
An' gain an unsuspecting heart
To plunge that heart in sorrow,
Let scorn hoot the coward knave,
Remorse his spirit gnaw,
An' black Disgrace point out his grave,
When Death his hand shall draw
Owre him some day.

An' now the bustle o' the fair
Begins awee to settle,
An' swankers young in mony a pair,
On roads now try their mettle.
The sun, far yont the sandy hills,*
Sinks down a while to rest him:
An' some sit down to sangs an' gills,
Their pillows some hae presst them
To sleep this night.

* The Sand Hills of Culbin.

THE

MANIAC'S SONG.

O! tell me whare has my true love gane,
An' left me sae wae in this world alane;
Though the world be fause yet my Jamie was true,
An' I canna think whare he has gane to now.
I gang to the tryst but he is na there—
Where we've wandered alane—but alas! nae where
Can my Jamie be found; an' I've waited lang,
An' frae place to place I restless gang;
But nae place nor change can pleasure gie,
For Jamie was a' this world to me,

Oh ! dinna say that my true love is dead,
An' the green grass growin' owre his head,
For the grave is owre cauld a bed for love,
An' he would na gang to the world above,
Whilst I am left broken-hearted here,
An' my pale cheeks wat wi' the saut, saut tear.
An' God is in heaven,—to him I pray
For my Jamie an' me, baith night an' day;
An' I ken he is kind, an' would not take
My Jamie frae me, an' me forsake.

On the lonely hill when the moon is high,
An' nane can ken but the stars in the sky,
That smiled sae sweet, when my Jamie an' me
In the glomin met, by the trysting tree:
We there shall meet, an' he'll tell me where
He has gane to dwall, an' he'll tak me there;
An' I'll lay my weary head to rest,
In a sleep sae sweet, on my true love's breast;
An' I'll wake to joy, an' will weep nae mair,
Nor mind on the ails that now I bear.

He comes! he comes on yon cloud sae white!
He comes for me on a beam o' light!
There's an angel's smile on my Jamie's face,
An' he taks me wi' him to the land o' grace.
Sae swift as we sail through the sunny air,
The skies are past, and a world sae fair
I shining see ayont the sun,
Where the good alane dare enter in;
An' clad in light I can angels see,
That wait to bid joy to my Jamie an' me.

THE

COTTAGERS' SABBATH DAY.

I.

Soon as the east its portals doth unfold,
And gives the morning forth in summer pride;
The hills rejoicing in its streaks of gold,
Shake off the veils that would their splendour hide.
The fleecy tenants, on the sunny side,
With grateful bleatings, do the morning hail;
Deep in the glen the folds are opened wide:
The herds spread slowly o'er the dewy vale,
And with their hollow lowings fill the balmy gale.

II.

No shepherds' lay this sacred morn is heard,
The tuneful pipe is silent on the hill,
The milk maid's note by beauty's self endear'd,
The ploughman's ditty, and his whistle shrill:
But sweet the murmuring of the wimpling rill,
Seeking its way beneath the flowery thorn,
Where the grey linnet opes his little bill,
And pours his mellow measures to the morn,
In concord with the lark on lofty pinions borne.

III.

The parent cottager refreshed with sleep,
The glow of gratitude his bosom warms,
To Him, whose mighty arm does constant keep,
And shields his cottage from all nightly harms.
No painful retrospect his soul alarms,
Through scenes of guilt he never learned to stray;
Thrice happy he, who, 'midst sweet rural charms,
In calm content sees seasons pass away,
Simplicity his guide, and innocence his stay.

IV.

Perhaps upon th' enamell'd bank reclined,
Or stretched at ease within the rural bower,
In sweetest converse with his Maker joined,
He joyous spends the fleeting morning hour.
Than evening dew drops to the drooping flower,
When burning sun-beams scorch its slender stem,
Still more refreshing falls Religion's power
Upon his heart, that feels the genial beam
Which darts from scripture truth—the heaven-inspiring theme.

V.

Beside him *she* that, o'er the milky pail,
Gives to his children's wants her kindly aid,
In lusty breathings snuffs the scented gale,
And tastes the fragrance of the clover'd mead.
The tiny boy, who wont her way to lead,
This morn the kind indulgent parent frees;
Devoid of care he loiters on his bed,
Or otherwise, as may his fancy please,
And deems that he this morn enjoys a glorious ease.

VI.

And now around the tender mother, all
The band of little cottagers proclaim
Their puny wants: she calms their clamorous call,
Her ever nearest and her dearest aim.
Clad by her labour, grateful for the same,
Their artless tongues speak music to her ear,
The thrill of secret joy darts through her frame,
That they can with such decency appear
This day, from pious lips the sacred truths to hear.

VII.

And from the cottage gable now is seen
The guest expected, eager hastening on;
The picture she of rosy Health I ween,
And Innocence that guilt hath never known.
To serve in Town their Mary late had gone;
A clamorous welcome meets her at the door,
And many a freak of playful love is shewn,
As round the children's laps she deals her store
Of sugared sweets so rare, the like unseen before.

VIII.

The parent pair rejoice to see her well;
Enquiry fond is by the mother made;
They joyous list to hear their daughter tell,
How she in all her undertakings sped:
Of them she serves, delighted, speaks the maid,
The father's grateful prayers to heaven ascend,—
'O may their house's honours never fade;
'But heavenward still may all their journeyings tend,
'That do in early life the poor man's child befriend!'

IX.

The mother hastes to crown their simple board:
No rich repast kind Providence has sent;
Though plain the fare their humble stores afford,
Yet rich the feast—when, shared with sweet Content,
And, ever thankful for the blessings lent,
A partial glance the parents round them throw;
And Oh! can aught their humble joys prevent,
To mark the ruddy cheeks that round them glow,
And list the broken words from infant lips that flow?

X.

At such a time the pious heart can feel,
(All worldly cares beside are quite forgot)
All of its joy that heaven can here reveal;
That pure delight is felt, the same, I wot,
In splendid palace and in humble cot:
He wanders far from Wisdom's heavenly way,
And knows not truth, who deems the peasant's lot
Behind his lord's, in aught that God will say
Is nearer to his love, and where his peace will stay.

XI.

The father now, right reverently, prepares
To bid his children join in praises due
To Him whose goodness every day declares,
And render thanks for mercies ever new;
Perhaps the Saviour he presents to view,
The theme most dear to every Christian heart;
How sorrows did his humble life pursue,
And how he groaned, in agony apart,
To vanquish Death for man, and blunt for him his dart.

XII.

His bosom fired by the ennobling theme,
The father prays: 'Upon thy throne on high,
'O God! for ever lauded be thy name,
'Who, in thy mercy, still hast pass'd us by,
'And gives us hope of joys beyond the sky:
'We bless thee that, in health, we meet again;
'Lord on thy goodness may we still rely;
'And, when on earth we may no more remain,
'O may we meet in heaven, set free from doubt and pain.

XIII.

This duty o'er, for Church they all prepare;
The mother stays behind to lock the door;
One bears a bible, others psalm-books bear,
The youngling cottagers, who trot before,
Still fondly cling to Mary for her store.
Then friends and neighbours, meeting on the road,
In kindly converse join. The sage's lore
Instructs the young, as onward still they plod,
And mix in pious groups around the house of God.

XIV.

There tales of gladness joyfully are heard,
And tears are shed o'er stories of distress;
Friends meet with friends, by friendship old endear'd,
And share each other's woes, and make them less;
Oh yes! when sorrows on the lone heart press,
The smile of friendship drives them far away.
Some seek apart their Maker to address,
And o'er the page of inspiration, pray
For his assisting might and saving grace alway.

XV.

A gentle youth has Mary now address'd,
On whom she fondly turns a partial glance;
A passion pure is by that look express'd,
That wakes, and warms in either breast at once:
Uncheck'd their blending spirits do advance,
And fondly meet in love's mysterious tie,
Not led by form through fashion's mazy dance;
Attracted strong, by kindred sympathy,
She feels that love is bliss, and why should she deny?

XVI.

The past to them the present much endears,
Their early love in infancy began,
Grew with their growth, and ripen'd with their years;
And now that she's a woman, he a man,
He long has wish'd the furtherance of a plan
Would make his Mary dear his own through life;
His heart now swells with rapture, that he can
Propose the day will make them man and wife,—
When wedlock's purest joys, their virtue will make rife.

XVII.

Now every sense to soft composure brought,
All eager list the message from the sky;
How that for man, Redemption has been bought,
And pardon free for those in sin that lie;
That Christ, their High Priest, has gone up on high,
And offers of his Father's grace hath made
To those, who from their former guilt, will fly
To him, who suffering in the guilty's stead,
For Adam's fallen race a heavy ransom paid.

XVIII.

And O! as evil cannot turn to good,
If unassisted by a power divine,
O! seek a saving interest in his blood,
Who can the heart to righteousness incline,—
The bands of sin for ever can untwine,
And will present you, when the combat's won,
Pure as th' immortal Seraphim, that shine
In cloudless glory round his Father's throne,
To Him, th' Eternal God, who reigns in heaven alone.

XIX.

Oh! how can man, so graciously endued
With faculties, that time nor space can bind,
By error be so fearfully subdued,
That he annihilation seeks to find,
To quench the fire of the immortal mind
In dust, on which he daily lives to tread—
The grovelling sceptic, to himself unkind,
And those alas! whose wavering minds are fed
Upon his poison rank, shall yet believe and dread.

XX.

Then do not let another moment pass,
For this may be the last to us that's given;
Gaunt Death stands ready, with his dart and glass,
To strike the blow commission'd him by Heaven:
O would you wish your journey may be even,
Your home where min'string angels will attend,
Be sin forever from each bosom driven;
Seek God to be your Father, Guide, and Friend,
Your portion will be bliss unmingled, without end.

XXI.

Now all disperse, with prayer and praise to God,
Each to his home, in quiet and in peace,
The humble cottager to his abode
Returns, new strengthen'd in a growth of grace,
That yet to bright perfection will increase.
His children all are summoned round his chair,
Deep thought is fixed in every infant face,
For every one must to their sire declare
What of the goodman's words their memories young may bear.

XXII.

He, in his turn, discourses more at large,
And truths explains that will their peace promote,
And by their humble hopes in Heaven, will charge
Them that these truths must never be forgot,
Or God, from out his book their names will blot.
Hence so pre-eminent dear Scotia stands
For worth and wisdom: from the lowly cot
Hence genius soars so bright, that it commands
In learning, arts, and arms, the praise of other lands.

XXIII.

Thus, in sweet converse, glides the evening bye;
Perhaps, before the sire, is open'd wide
The book, that speaks the will of the Most High,
His dearest treasure, counsellor, and guide;
Or reads of them, despite of tyrant pride,
Who for the Kirk, and for their country stood,
Nobly regardless of what might betide;
Midst persecution's rage, through fire and flood
Their testimony bore, and seal'd it with their blood.

XXIV.

Yet, o'er their sufferings, could the good man weep.
By pangs indignant is his bosom stung,
That tyrants, in the blood of saints, should steep
Their guilty hands, yet from that blood hath sprung,
(For that to God be laud from every tongue,)
A plant whose branches beautifully grow,
And, 'mong its leaves, ambrosial fruits are hung,
That to the weak and weary, strength bestow;
A balm for every wound, a cure for every woe.

XXV.

Now evening's shadows round the cottage spread;
For evening praise the father bids prepare:
Heart-prompted practice in the lowly shed.
His children, friends, and country, pass in prayer
Before him, and are left to God's blest care;
Religion sheds her influence o'er his breast,
No home for pride or avarice is there,
Bless'd in themselves, and by their Maker bless'd,
The humble cottage inmates sink to balmy rest.

TO

AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

ON SEEING ONE IN THE WOODS OF SANQUHAR,

NEAR FORRES, IN THE SPRING OF 1829.

Welcome thou firstling of the year!
How sweet thine humble beauties peer
Above thy parent earth, to cheer
Glad Fancy's eye,
That in thee sees the Summer near,
And coming joy.

Like modest worth, in life's low vale,
Striving against misfortune's gale,
Thou hast thine opening blossoms, pale,
Spread midst the storm,
That often did in wrath assail
Thy slender form.

But now far to the dreary North
Has Winter gone; and Spring comes forth
Rejoicing in thine early birth,
And joys to see,
The cheering promise of the earth
Revived in thee.

Yes! soon around thy lowly bed,
Will many a flow'ret rear its head,
Sweet blushing o'er the dewy mead;
And soon the grove
Shall wake, in gayest verdure clad,
To life and love.

From nestling by thy side, at morn
The Lark on dewy wings upborne;
And linnet on the gay green thorn
Above thee spread,
Will sing to thee, that dost adorn
The woodland shade.

As Sanquhar woods I wander through,
The Summer's opening sweets to view,
And vows to Poesy renew,
In lonely walk,
My spirit shall, sweet flower! with you
Still friendly talk.

Oh! could I in some sunny nook,
Beside the gently murmuring brook,
Like thee find shelter; and my book
There read at will—
Or on fair Nature's page to look,
And wonder still.

And Oh! how happy were it mine!
Fair flow'ret! in my sphere to shine,
Till life's last stage, like thee, in thine:
Though humbly low,
Yet not less felt the bliss divine,
I still should know.

And could I think that o'er my bier,
One virtuous friend would drop a tear,
To soothe my spirit lingering near;
I could resign
The joys of earth I held most dear,
And not repine.

AN ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Maid of the sapient eye and mein!
Who dwells by shady forest green,
Or where the fays in fairy ring,
Dance in the wild by haunted spring;
Or where upon the mountain's breast,
The clouds fix their eternal rest:
O lead me Goddess to thy court,
Where Wisdom's heavenly train resort;
And feast my soul on every charm,
That can each rebel grief disarm;
And lull each wayward care to rest,
That struggles in thy vot'ry's breast.

When seated in thy hermit cell,
And thou hast breathed thy potent spell,
The shadows deep are cast behind,
In life's pursuits that cloud the mind;
And Memory holds her sunny reign,
And lives life's transports o'er again.
Then, from the tomb of years, will start
The crush'd affections of the heart,
And flushed in all their native bloom,
Will still more lovely shapes assume,
Than when at friendship's touch they sprung
To being first, when life was young.

The soul in wonted rapture burns,
And back on Fancy's wing returns,
To moments when in beauty's sight,
The heart first throbbed with young delight;
And ardent clung around the form,
Whose smile could lay life's fiercest storm;
And first, unconscious, bade it prove
The burning draught of youthful love.

Yes! from beyond the Indian wave,
And from the prison of the grave,
All else shut out that might appal,
The spirit can those friends recal,
Whose service was her blest employ,
Whose every smile awaken'd joy.
And when no more she can them meet
Where rapture's pulse was wont to beat,
Her fondest feelings cross the wave,
Or slumber with them in the grave.

'Tis true that midst the heavenly trance,
Unbidden, reason may advance,
And may the fond enchantment break,
And bid th' unwilling soul awake;
Then from the eye, a tear may steal,
But not such as would pain reveal,
'Tis Resignation's offering meek,
To stedfast Faith, who from the cheek
Will wipe the limpid drop away,
As whispering of th' eternal day.

When, in a closer circle join'd,
The heart will meet those Spirits kind;
And to the Sire of all above
Will melt in everlasting love.

'Tis thine too, charming Solitude!
To aid the Bard's divinest mood,
Before his piercing glance, to cast
The rolls of many ages past:
And 'neath the ray of evening star,
From human haunts thou lead'st him far,
To where, with his prophetic dream,
Mingles the roar of mountain stream;
And rages round the wailing blast,
Till o'er his sprite, a spell is cast,
That wakes him to sublimer thought,
Till visioned future near is brought;
And fates unfolded crowd his brain,
Familiar to his wizard ken.

And it is thine to guide the mind,
In Philosophic school refined,

From passion's dross and base alloy,
That nips the bud of every joy ;
Through Nature's wide, and mighty range,
To mark her every form and change ;
Through the bright worlds that hung on high,
Shine on the bosom of the sky,
With such a sweet and silvery ray,
That night seems lovelier far than day,
To trace their Maker's grand design,
That bids them all in order shine,
And holds them on their destined way,
Secure from ruin and decay.

Oh! how much more than mortal bliss,
His spirit knows, who can dismiss
Each grosser theme, and boldly rise,
In soft gradation through the skies ;
And glancing o'er the starry frame,
Can call each wanderer by name,
And measure out the course they run
In endless circles round the sun.

And as new systems woo him on,
New heavens built the heavens upon,
Till lost in the stupendous plan,
His soul in heavenly rapture can,
While gazing on each shining ball,
Exclaim 'my Father made them all!'

These are the joys that thou canst give;
O teach me much with thee to live,
And hide me with the wise and good
Deep in thy shades, O SOLITUDE!

THE

CALL OF WALLACE.

Sons of ancient Caledon,
Men who laurels oft have won;
Hear! O hear the call of one
Whose spirit pants for liberty!

Sore our foes oppress the land,
And usurp a stern command—
Heroes haste and seize the brand!
Still there's hope of victory.

Can the shackles of a slave
Ever to a Scotsman cleave?
No—while freedom waits the brave,
Bondmen we will never be.

Freedom's banners are displayed—
Round them be our bands arrayed,
Each unsheath his daring blade,
Blood of tyrants drain will we!

Shall the rights our fathers bought,
By our sons from us be sought,
And their coward sires have nought
To bequeath, but slavery?

Death is in the thought, ye brave!—
Then from mountain, glen, and cave,
Haste to conquest, or the grave—
There your Wallace shall be free.

THE MAID OF SLUIE.

A BALLAD.

Where Findhorn pours his foaming floods,
With headlong hurried sweep;
Now dashing o'er opposing rocks,
Now whirled in eddies deep;

Embosomed in a sheltering wild
The lands of Sluie spread;
Where early Summer decks the mead,
And paints the checquered glade.

There Anna bloom'd, a beauteous flower,
A parent's only child,
Who fondly watch'd her infant years,
And o'er them wept and smiled.

The blameless heart that Anna owned
Ne'er knew a secret care;
But danced to all the joys of youth,
Till love had nestled there.

The wealthy Lord of Moray came,
A haughty heart had he—
He loved and wooed the maiden fair,
His blooming bride to be.

He proffered wealth, an endless store,
And pomp and equipage,
But, nor his gold, nor wide domains,
Could Anna's heart engage.

The heart alas ! she could not give,
(Since none can love compel)
That long had sighed in secret for
Young William of Dunphail.

And long that youth had felt the glow,
Which Anna's charms inspired ;
And breathed to Heaven a fervent prayer
For her his soul admired.

Still as the golden tints of even,
O'er heaven's bright arch were spread,
Alone by Findhorn's fairy stream,
He wooed the lovely maid.

Each heart was fraught with feeling pure,
That heavenly transport moves ;
And every wild-wood bower around,
Was hallowed by their loves.

Alas! that fate should e'er disturb
The sympathy of soul,
That makes an heaven here below,
And should our joys control!

In evil hour the youth was told,
(His dream of bliss was o'er,)
That Moray sought his true love's hand,
And he could hope no more.

More withering than the wintry blast
That dares invade the spring,
These tidings fell on William's ear,
And did his bosom wring.

He sought his Anna's loved retreat,
And kneeling at her feet,
There ardent breathed his soul's complaint,
In accents, thrilling, sweet.

'My Anna ever dear,' he cry'd,
'And dare I hope no more?
'But see thee in another's arms,
'Though I must still adore!

'O! would you spare the constant heart,
'That only beats for thee,
'Drive from your soul the sordid wish,
'A wealthier bride to be.

'And think upon our early love,
'Nor make your vow untrue;
'And do not live too late to mourn,
'Him who can die for you.'

A tear stole o'er fair Anna's cheek,
She said 'while life is given,
'My solemn vow to you I'll keep,
''Tis registered in heaven.

'Not all the wealth that Moray boasts,
'My settled heart can move;
'That heart is thine, and never can
'It own another's love.

'But Oh! dear youth, beware the hate
'That clouds proud Moray's brow,
'And fly the danger that I fear
'E'en lurks around us now.'

'I fear it not,' the youth exclaimed,
'Nor shall we ever part'—
A shaft flew from the covert near,
And pierced him to the heart!

He groaned and fell at Anna's feet!—
Proud Moray stood in view,
'That earth shall be,' he cried in scorn,
'A Bridal bed for you.'

Once more to Anna's face he tried
To raise his dying eye,
'Your hand—a kiss' he muttered faint,
'We part—my love—I die.'

She clasped him wildly in her arms,
Now dearer still in death;
And on his pale lips press'd a kiss,
And caught his fleeting breath.

His ghastly image at that hour
Was graved upon her heart;
And with the thought of William slain,
She never more could part!

Her cheek where late the rose had bloomed,
Assumed the lily's dye;
And o'er her face despair had crept,
And settled in her eye.

One night, when cold the wintry wind,
Blew o'er the naked plain,
Fair Anna wandered from her home,
And ne'er returned again.

Her aged father wrung his hands,
And bowed his hoary head;
And wished that ere that hour, his eyes
Had closed among the dead.

At last they found the hapless maid,
And Oh! where should it be?
But stretched beside her lover's grave,
She slept as sound as he.

Fair be the flowers on Sluie's fields,
The bowers by Findhorn's side;
For hallowed thrice the place shall be,
Where Anna bloomed and died.

ANALYSIS OF THE REVERIE.

The difficulty which an obscure genius has to encounter in endeavouring to obtain public notice—a man of an independent mind more happy in poverty than an avaricious man amidst wealth—the baneful consequences of unrestrained ambition—a prayer—Britain is recompensed for the ruggedness of her soil, and the backwardness of her climate, by the civil liberty which she enjoys—the approach of Spring—the effect which a view of the wild scenes of nature has upon the heart—their influence over a poetic mind—the effect of music on the passions—martial music—the influence which it had in arousing the patriotism of the ancient Scots to defend the independence of their country—the Danes and Norwegians, prepare to invade Scotland—the Scots prepare to receive them—their arrival and overthrow—the mothers and wives of Denmark, lament the long absence of their sons and husbands who were never to return, the heroic spirit of the Scots not to be subdued—their wars not made for the sake of conquest, but in their own defence—the chase their principal amusement in the time of peace—an old man at the tomb of his son, who had early fallen in the defence of his country—the enjoyment of freedom more than an equivalent for all the ills which can befall her votaries in struggling in her defence—the miseries which exist in those states where the peasantry are the property of the proprietor of the soil on which they live, lamented—the effect of slavery on the passions—on domestic felicity—the origin of tyranny—superstition its principal support—a change in the moral government of the world anticipated—the happy effects of such a change—the escape of India from the yoke of her European oppressors—America already free—her future greatness anticipated—civil liberty, the source of domestic happiness—whence patriotism—that it is much more to civil liberty, than to the lavish gifts of Nature that man owes his happiness, and that where Nature is most profuse of her sweets, if liberty be not there, the people must be wretched, exemplified in the case of Siam—and that where Nature reigns with comparative severity if liberty be there, the people will be happy, exemplified in the case of Sweden—the present struggle of the Greeks for independence—apostrophe to Great Britain—conclusion.

THE

REVERIE.

From dim obscurity's cold wintry reign,
Where humble Genius struggling, looks in vain
For friendly hand, or tender fostering care,
To help her labour, and her merit share;
Should she with daring wing presume to rise
To seek the warmth of more congenial skies,
How would neglect suppress her fairest fame,
Unless upborne by some illustrious name.
Yet! though man's heart hath lost that softer tone,
That harmonized with feelings not his own,

And pride hath chill'd his bosom, and his eye
Looks with disdain on humble poverty.
Still will I court the Muse's smile, that cheers
My ceaseless toil, through long laborious years.
Come Independence! in my bosom reign—
Come, and the joys that follow in thy train:
With thee I'll brave the proud insulting mein
Of lordly ignorance, and high-born spleen:
With thee I'll front Oppression's iron frown,
Whose ear still thirsts for Misery's deepening groan,
And share more blessings in my humble home,
Than Pride may boast of in her glittering dome.
Ambition! how I startle at the name;
Of every rapture thou the deadly bane,
E'en Love's fond pleadings thou canst hear with scorn,
And cause the joyous heart with sighs to mourn,
Crush the young promise of approaching joy,
And every hope of future bliss destroy.
With more than Ocean's raging swells the breast
That late enjoy'd a calm and heavenly rest.

Far from the cot where Innocence presides,
And, with Content, her peaceful reign divides,
Bearing the weight of health-rewarded toil,
And hailing each new season with a smile ;
Far may Ambition's frenzy keep away,
Nor ever lead fair Albyn's sons astray.

Nor blame the partial fondness of my prayer
That would my country in each good prefer,
Strong are the ties that bind me to her soil,
And dear the wish on it to close my toil :
What though no glittering gems our shores adorn,
Nor spicy odours scent the breath of morn ;
What though the clustering vine and olive fair
Refuse their treasures to our keener air ;
What though the lustre of our summer bloom,
Must yield alternate to December's gloom ;
More than these wants can Industry supply,
And freedom, beaming through the troubled sky,
Our surly Winter's darkest hours can cheer,
And shed a radiance o'er the varied year.

When higher suns and softer-breathing air,
The near approach of genial Spring declare,
How bounds the heart to meet the bright-eyed queen,
Deck'd in her flowing robes of living green.
The biting north wind flies at her command,
And fair beneath her renovating hand,
Now long, in winter durance sadly bound,
Shoots verdure forth to deck the cultur'd ground,
The sloping hill, the valley, and the plain
Alike rejoicing in her joyous reign;
And e'en the mountain's rugged front, the while,
Glows in the bright refulgence of her smile.

How sweet, through Nature's wildest scenes, to stray,
And give to sportive toil the cheerful day!
By torrent's roar and shaggy pass, to trace
The wizard feature and the rugged grace,
With magic softness that subdue the heart,
And still new raptures to the soul impart.
The wild woods, hanging o'er the narrow dale,
The mountains, shrouded in their azure veil,

The hoary cliffs, in solemn grandeur piled,
That shade the green-clad vale, serenely mild,
And distant lake, exulting in the rays
That sportive on its dazzling bosom blaze,
Keen o'er these scenes the poet's eye will roll,
While bounds from earth to heaven his ravish'd soul,
And fraught with fancy and celestial fire,
He wakes to wildest notes his mountain lyre.
Peace to your honour'd shades! ye Heaven-taught throng!
Who breath'd, 'mid Scotia's wilds, the voice of song,
Sweet be your rest as the loved strains ye sung,
And soft, as sounds that o'er your harps once hung.
Well could the Minstrel, in the days of yore,
Skill'd in his country's legendary lore,—
Make from his harp the soothing measures flow,
Warming with sound the chilly breast of woe,
His melting airs the still cold heart could move,
And tune the jarring passions all to love.
The harp, assuming still a nobler strain,
With martial sounds would animate the swain;

Fan in his glowing breast the glorious flame,
To earn in honour's field the prize of fame,
His country's foes arranged in dead array,
With dauntless heart he sought the wild affray:
Strong was his arm: for Freedom's right he stood,
Till waved her banner o'er her foes subdued,
If met by Death amid the glorious toil,
He bless'd the cause, and hail'd him with a smile.

Such, my loved country, were the guardian band,
That, on th' ensanguined field, with flaming brand,
Like eagles watching o'er their callow brood,
Around thine Independence bravely stood,
In face of Tyranny they bade her smile,
And reign the Goddess of her much loved isle.

Ambition rose, man's first and deadliest foe,
That, e'en in heaven, once dared a hostile blow;
And, having dream'd of conquest, yoked her car,
And roused, in all his strength, the giant War;
Fierce Norway hurried from her farthest bound,
And ranked with Denmark his dread standard round;

With savage joy, their sons robust they saw
Their gleaming blades, for deadly purpose, draw.
Mercy, alarm'd, forsook her sacred fane,
And pleaded pity,—but, alas! in vain
She urged them for their fellow-men to feel,—
Her peaceful accents, on their hearts of steel
Fell idly, as the dews, on desert wild,
Where teeming Flora's beauties never smiled.
As rock'd the gallies near the rugged strand,
And rose the breeze to bear them from the land;
A moment's tenderness o'erwhelm'd each heart,
With country, kindred, all at once to part:
As soldiers should, they check'd the bursting sigh,
And brush'd the tear that glist'ned in their eye,
Spoke of the hope that hail'd them from afar,
And would to victory be their leading star,
Of nations conquer'd and the plenteous spoil,
With after ease, that would repay their toil:
Such were the bodings of each mighty mind;
For such false hopes they left true joys behind,

Devoted Scotia, eager, from afar,
Watch'd on the waves, the movements of the war.
O'er strath and glen the wild alarm was spread;
The soldier's hand instinctive, grasp'd his blade;
Braced were his nerves, and that stern joy arose,
That in the warrior's soul in battle glows;
With eager fondness he for battle sought,
His home, his country hurried through his thought,
His loves and friendships he would guard, or lie
A victim, at thine altar, Liberty!
The war-cry thus, that through th' embattled line,
Voice gave to voice, with energy divine;
Their bosoms maddened for the tardy fight,
To stamp on Denmark's crest their injured right.

And now the hostile fleet approach'd the shore,
Which they were doom'd, by fate, to leave no more;
Big were their hopes, when in their robes of blue,
Our mountains rose to their enraptured view;
To lord o'er these they cross'd the angry wave,
They came to conquer, but they found a grave.

Brave Scotia knew not what it was to yield,
To fierce invaders, the contended field:
'Midst heaps of carnage, floods of kindred blood,
Strong in their right her sons undaunted stood;
'Midst giant foes they hurled unerring death,
And swept, with whirlwind's force, the ensanguined heath.
In vain the mother importuned the skies,
For her brave son's return, to bless her eyes;
In vain the wife her ling'ring lord would mourn,
While clinging babes would prate of his return;
'Ah why, dear mother, does our father stay
'From us, from thee, and his loved home away;
'Has he forgot us while away so far,
'Or has he fallen a victim to the war?
Grief bursts its bands, and yielding to despair,
They fill'd with loud lament the vacant air;
Months pass'd away, years in their course roll'd on,
But ne'er gave back a father or a son.
Thus did old Scotia o'er her foes prevail.
In vain her bulwarks did the Dane assail;

Sadly convinced by many a field, and flood,
That reeked, and ran, deep purpled with their blood,
Her sons' true valour would no rival own,
Nor shrink inglorious at a tyrant's frown,
But sun bright blazed when honour call'd to arms,
Or threatened slavery waked the loud alarms.
But war they sought not, nor provoked the fight;
Their swords were temper'd by their country's right,
And wielded only in her sacred cause,
To guard their liberty, their king, their laws.
When Battle's echoes died upon the plain,
And peaceful roll'd their mountain streams again,
The wounds of war, the smile of Freedom heal'd,
And wonted gladness o'er the heart prevail'd.
With the loud din of clamorous hound and horn,
They broke the balmy slumbers of the Morn;
With eager speed swept o'er the dewy lawn,
That shone refulgent in the bright'ning dawn,
While joyful echoes, answering from afar,
Mid sylvan scenes proclaim'd the mimic war.

Yet would the hunter, mid his fleet career,
Pause on the moor to drop the tender tear,
Where the gray stones still mark the narrow bed,
Where once was laid some hero's honoured head;
And roused by Fancy, would his soul aspire,
To grasp with ardent zeal th' heroic fire
That lights the path to freedom and to fame,
And gives to endless time the warrior's name.

And feeble now, and dim with age's gloom,
The father sought his early warrior's tomb;
There, stretched on earth, his weary length, he lay,
And sadly sorrow'd that his tresses gray
Survived in every wailing blast, to wave
So many summers o'er his honoured grave.
'Oh! my dear boy, my son,' he thus began,
While fast the tear drops o'er his blanch'd cheek ran,
'Why was thy flight from my fond arms so soon,
'Why did thy lovely sunshine set at noon;
'Oft, by the sighing stream, thy sire reclin'd,
'And watch'd to hear thy coming in the wind,

'To catch the music of thy rattling arms,
'To clasp my son still safe from battle's harms,
'To hear thee tell of mighty deeds achieved,
'Of foes late vanquish'd, and of friends relieved;
'Whilst matrons, bright-eyed maids, and feeble men,
'Crowded to greet the hero of the plain;
'Then would their weak hearts tremble to behold
'The blood, that dyed the armour of the bold.
'But ah! no voice of thine, to glad mine ear,
'No fond embrace my drooping soul to cheer,
'That loath'd the earth, and struggled to be free,
'When darkness shrouded all my hopes of thee.
'While yet thine arm was weak to toss the spear,
'Or cleave, with hissing shaft, the liquid air;
'How would thy tender ear devour my fame
'Till all thy soul was kindled to a flame!
'And Hope would tell that thou my valiant boy,
'In future wars would many shields destroy;
'That foes should yield in combat on the heath,
'Or trembling sink, thy valiant arm beneath:

'And in thy might, were lost the many fears
'That hang upon the feebleness of years,
'Now when my slackened pace and darkened eye
'Forbid the chase and wonted joys deny;
'But, like the Hunter who, when storms arise,
'That threaten death where'er he turns his eyes,
'To where the Oak its strong arms wont to spread,
'Hastes o'er the wild to seek its friendly shade,
'When, lo! he finds it on the bleak hill side,
'A shatter'd monument of fallen pride,
'O'er his lone head the tempests louder mourn,
'He smites his breast and knows not where to turn,
'So I in thee, my son, have lost the stay—
'The pride and comfort of my latter day.'
Thus would he sorrow till the light of fame
That gave to all the winds his warrior's name,
With magic influence, darted on his soul;
Then back with rapid flight his thoughts would roll,
And, in the mirror of his mind retrace
His son's achievements, in the vaunted chase;

And then, when Honour call'd him to the field,
In danger's hour his country's right to shield;
What gaps he made amid the ranks of war,
While bath'd in blood, his falchion gleam'd afar;
How many halls had echoed to his praise,
Embalmed in song to see far distant days;
And fire the youth to emulate the might
He shewed for Freedom, and his country's right.
In vision wrapt the father's bosom glows,
And paints his son triumphant o'er his foes,
And, 'midst his trance, he cries, 'such was my boy,'
And instant all his grief is turn'd to joy.
Yes, Freedom!—to thy votaries brave, thou still
Hast charms, that triumph over every ill,
And from the bosom drive each vain regret,
And turn to gladness all the woes of fate.
Thou first best gift of an indulgent Heaven,
Say what were life if thou afar wert driven?
Hell then prevailing over all the while,
In darkest shades would veil th' Eternal's smile,

And tyrants fell, in bloody league combined,
Would wreck the bliss, the peace of all mankind,
Would trample on their miseries and their woe,
And smile o'er blood and tears that mingled flow,
Say has the light which Nature gave command
To shine alike in every clime and land,
Say has it ceased for ever more to pour
The dawn of morn on Slavery's midnight hour?
Shall earth's proud lords, who, with their sceptred hand,
Deal legal misery round a groaning land,
Shall they for ever as they will or list,
Cause weeping millions prostrate in the dust,
To curse the hated hour that gave them life,
And sigh for death to close the hopeless strife?
My spirit sickens at the sad review!—
How long shall misery's burning tears bedew
The fields, where Freedom found an early grave
Where only live the tyrant and the slave;
Where the poor peasant, now the man no more,
Ranks with the brutes and picks his scanty store

From Avarice, that watches o'er his toil
And leaves no joyous hour his sorrows to beguile.
There Love, the first-born daughter of the skies,
Paints not the cheek nor sparkles in the eyes,
Nor lights the soul to ecstacy divine,—
Nursling of woe no rapture can be thine.
Where is the smile that should the face adorn,
And speak the welcome of a man-child born,
His future miseries burst upon the view,
Despair is near, Hope waves a last adieu;
While fond affection, from the heart, would speak,
The mother drops a tear upon his cheek;
The dear bought babe in agony is pressed,
And sinks, unconscious of his wrongs, to rest.
Oh man! how fallen from thy first estate,
For Nature meant and made thee truly great,
Lord of thyself and all her works below,
And stamped the glorious privilege on thy brow
To each and all were equal favours given,
Alike partaking of the boon of Heaven.

In gentle brotherhood men ranged the field,
Whilst floods and forests did their pastime yield;
Sweet Innocence, companion of their way,
Pointed their path, 'twas freedom to obey:
Through all his works they saw and understood,
Their Maker loved them, and his love how good!
Then whence this baneful change in Nature's plan,
That cuts the social unity, that ran
So sweetly fair, through all her mighty scheme,
And leaves her bliss more shadowy than a dream.
Ask mad Ambition, she can well reveal
The latent cause of all the pangs we feel,
By fiercest furies and by fiends begot,
She saw and envied man his happy lot,
Nursed in his breast the seeds of mortal strife,
That rooted deep and proved the bane of life.
Whose arts or arms his fellows could subdue,
The chains of bondage round their necks he threw,
And circumscribed them to the bounds he set;
Their groans were treason, and his word was fate.

And he, whose well tried faith and patriot zeal
Long proved the bulwark of his country's weal,
Grown drunk with praise, which first his virtue gained,
All former worth and just control disdained:
He turned the chance the fair occasion gave
T' enslave the people that he fought to save.
This Nature saw, and shudder'd at the sight,
Her legal sway usurped by lawless might,
And the base Despot (toss'd in terror still,
While reason held the guidance of the will)
Called Superstition, from her dark abode,
To 'wilder man and win him from his God.
'Twas cloudless sunshine in the mind no more,
But dreary twilight, dimly glimmering o'er,
That shaped all forms to Fancy's varying mood,
And fixed the shadow where the substance stood:
The monster, pregnant with a direful birth,
Littered her brood of terrors on the earth;
So fell fair Truth, and Virtue, Reason, all,
And Priests and Priestcraft triumph'd in their fall.

Each, as his various lusts or will inclined,
A way to heaven and happiness designed;
Though captives groan'd, though human victims bled,
The million followed where the Flamen led:
And God they worshipped in a stock or stone,
And gave to brutes the homage of his throne.
Thus Superstition, nurtured upon blood,
Long the support of tyranny has stood;
Still unrelenting, in her gorey hand
She wields with giant strength, o'er sea and land,
Her magic rod, and hence the wonder springs,
Why millions tamely crouch to tyrant kings.*
But shall the damned spell be never broke?
Shall nations bend eternal to the yoke,
And yield their necks, as tyrants are inclined,
Who count them creatures of another kind,
Who sit and fatten on their blood and toil
And quaff their tears, and o'er their sorrows smile?
No! as the star of morn, enthroned on high,
Spreads her soft lustre o'er the darken'd sky,

* The present state of Portugal furnishes a melancholy example of this.

The conscious world, rejoicing in her ray,
Hails the glad presage of returning day,
So Hope's glad whisper to the mind conveys
The bright idea of Earth's future days;
In joyful vision bids fair prospects rise
That time and nature yet shall realize.
Yes! to degraded man shall yet be given
The long lost charter of his rights from Heaven;
And the bright dawn of intellectual day
Shall chase the shadows of despair away.
Nature and Reason shall their sway resume,
And Truth appear in everlasting bloom.
The Russian exile, bounding from the mine,
Shall smile to see the light of glory shine,
And love and freedom burning in his breast,
Amidst his snows shall be supremely blest.
Nor more shall Afric's children mourn the day
That basely tore them from their homes away,
To weep and languish on a foreign shore,
Where Nature sickened at the stripes they bore.

On Gambia's banks they terrorless shall stray,
And, undisturbed shall, by their fountains play;
At noon they'll wander through the citron grove,
And list at eve the gentle tale of love;
Or, as the strains of merry pipes advance,
Enraptured start, and lead the sprightly dance.
Religion, like a flood, shall wash away
The guilt and terror of their former day;
And Truth and Mercy shall their light impart
To cleanse the soul and purify the heart.
As Knowledge shall her influence diffuse,
The sable sage, fill'd with th' Historic Muse,
Shall gather wisdom from each shore and clime,
And cull a garland from the field of time,
That will redeem his memory from the tomb,
And round his temples shed eternal bloom.
Philosophy, blessed maid! shall lead the way;
The Arts shall follow, in their trim array;
New verdure shall appear by flood and field,
And sandy wastes a double harvest yield:

The lambs shall gambol, and the herds shall graze,
Where howling forests form a dismal maze:
The tiger's raging, and the lion's roar,
Shall cease for ever on the happy shore.
Man in his native grandeur shall appear,
The social virtues to his bosom dear,
With strengthend sight he shall new worlds explore,
Renounce his gods, and one great God adore.
Ye human Tigers who, in search of prey,
Spread death around your desolating way,
Whose thirst of conquest never would be quenched
Till earth's remotest shores in blood were drench'd:
Whose flag of tyranny would ne'er be furled
Till waved exulting o'er the ruined world;
Say shall Humanity in vain implore
The sword of Justice to her injured shore?
Shall Truth and Mercy with their angel train,
Back to their native skies return again,
And bid you triumph o'er the world below,
To heaven, to earth, and all but hell a foe?

No! the wronged millions whom your swords have driven
From earth, shall plead the injured's cause in heaven,
Nor plead in vain, the conscious skies shall bend,
And India's guardian angel shall decend
In light divine—and kindling at the flame,
Her sons shall start and swear by Freedom's name,
To 'venge their country's wrongs and bid her be
(As happy in all else) supremely free.

Where then, ye tyrants, will ye hide the guilt,
The weight of which so many millions felt,
And which you cloked too with the christian name?
The lie is branded with eternal shame;
For Christian virtues never bade invade,
With flaming brand, a nation's rights, nor tread,
As avarice sanctions, on their woes and pains,
Build on their fall, and triumph in their chains.

When the dread sword of vengeance flickers wide,
When Justice combats by the injured's side,
When heaven-descended Freedom, from her car
Than day more bright, shall animate the war,

Till more than mortal courage meets your arms,
And shakes your tottering thrones with dread alarms;
What shall it boot you then? shall it suffice
To turn the thunders of th' avenging skies
From off your heads, to boast your skins so fair,
Europe your birth place and dominion there?
True patrons of her thriving school of crime,
That stands unrivall'd in the book of time,
Nor hue nor clime for miseries can atone
Which you have spread o'er kingdoms not your own!
Nor can avail, in that tremendous hour,
When min'stering angels, from their vials pour
Th' Almighty's anger, whose impartial care
Alike protects the sable and the fair;
And, having given an equal right to all,
Forbids that man his fellow should enthral.
Already, in the west, hath Truth resumed
Her sway, o'er millions long to slavery doom'd,
And sheds o'er half the world her heavenly light,
That drives afar the clouds of mental night,

And, as the renovating breath of Spring
Does to the earth new life and gladness bring,
So has fair Liberty, from shore to shore,
Awaken'd joy where sadness reign'd before:
And, while she mourns their wrongs where tyrants frown,
Proudly proclaims America her own.
Hail happy land! thy patriots and their toil—
Their laurels wreath'd amid the battle's broil;
The hope that fired them, and that glory led—
Have, round thy shores, a sacred halo shed,
That shines unclouded o'er the world afar,
To Love and Freedom an unsetting star.
How fond the Muse, companion of the free,
Turns her glad view, America! to thee:
Fain by thy lakes and woodlands would she stray,
And woo bright visions of thy future day,
When embryo virtues, yet matured by time,
Freedom's fair offspring, shall adorn thy clime,
And raise thy name, thy glory, and thy power,
Above e'en England's, in her proudest hour.

Th' aspiring genius of thy sons shall soar
From height to height, to worlds unknown before,
Till ranged the heavens, and read the mysteries there,
Then turn to earth those mysteries to declare:
The mind, expanding as it learns to know
The countless joys that science can bestow,
Shall burn, to mark, through Nature's boundless plan,
The might of God, his marvellous love to man.
Through fairy worlds their fancy can create,
Exalted far above the woes of fate,
Thy Bards shall roam. To them the lyre of heaven
By Seraph hands in triumph shall be given;
The lyre, that erst at Homer's touch hath rung;
That England's pride, her honoured Milton, strung:
Awakened by their magic touch, again
More wild, more deep, shall flow the varied strain:
The soul of music, thrilling from the wire,
Shall warm each bosom with celestial fire,
Shall ope the generous springs of every heart,
And all the Muse's energies impart,

That lift the soul above the joys of earth
And charm with transports of celestial birth.
And other joys than raptures of the muse,
Than gay delights, that science can diffuse,
To favoured lands has Freedom to bestow,
That still from truth's eternal fountain flow.
All that is pledged us in the smiles of love,
All that is paid us when those smiles approve,
All that the heart most willingly would chuse,
That Wisdom seeks, that Virtue most pursues,
All that is dear in present, or to come,
Is promised in that word a freeman's home.
What dear delights their callous bosoms miss
Who seek in self to centre all their bliss,
Who feel no quickening pulse, nor heave the sigh
As Beauty lifts her rapture beaming eye.
Yet there are hearts so passionless and cold,
That seem as fashioned in an icy mould,
That women's soft endearments cannot move
Nor wake to one extatic throb of love:

Their views, confined within the narrow sphere
Of selfish wants, they know no other care,
And, e'en amid the city's bustling strife,
And all that woos the man to active life,
They mope and brood as lonely hermits there,
And drag out life, few care the how or where.
Avaunt! away ye cold unfeeling train!
With you the Muse would not pollute her strain,
Whom still each season finds inclined the same
To set at nought your being's end and aim.
'Tis for the heart that yields to female charms,
'Tis for the heart that female kindness warms,
'Tis for the heart that sympathy can move,—
The witching sweetness of connubial love,
'Tis for that heart that home has joys in store,
And, by its blessing, still is bless'd the more.
'Tis true that sorrow sometimes may intrude,
And wring the bosoms even of the good,
But short its stay where constant love prevails.
The wound it gives how soon affection heals,

And pleasures were not pleasure but for woe;
'Tis it that teacheth what is bliss to know.
Purer the joys, the pleasures more refined,
That wait the gentle pair whom love hath joined,
'Tis heaven's own fire that lights the parent's eye,
When gazing on the face of infancy,
'Tis heaven's own rapture circles round the heart,
And bids the tear of holy transport start.
When first the boy's faint murmur glads her ear,
By travail bought that makes him ever dear;
When first his little lip by hers is press'd,
A gush of fondness fills the mother's breast,
And, through her mind, in rapture's giddy dance,
A thousand bright ideas crowd at once;
Already, in that sweet angelic face,
Some dawning beauties would affection trace,
And joys to find, while conscious truth approves,
The blest resemblance of the one she loves.
The few short years of infancy gone by,
And life and spirit sparkling in his eye,

The rosy flush of health upon his cheek,
His artless smiles a thousand charms that speak,
His early genius, traced in every plan
And little feat, in which he mimicks man:
These gladden still the tender parents' sight,
And fill their hearts with ever new delight.

More generous cares now fill the father's mind,
He feels a growing love for all mankind,
The cause of Truth and Love he makes his own,
True to the death should adverse Fortune frown:
Yes, he would right that world, its bliss enlarge,
To which he soon perhaps must leave in charge
Those objects of his love, more dear than life,
For whom alone he feels in Nature's latest strife.

O holy Nature! 'tis thy band entwined
Thus round the heart, that links us to our kind,
Binds our affections to our native clime,
And prompts the patriot's arm to deeds sublime.

Who, that a father's feelings e'er hath proved,
That with a father's fondness e'er hath loved,

Could, while Oppression bade her banners fly,
Look coldly on his helpless progeny,
And basely sell their birthright to the foe,
And leave them but an heritage of woe ?
No—when his native land Oppression stains,
And marches forward with her racks and chains,
He feels the fires of manhood burn within,
And pants to mingle in the battle's din,
To shout a victor with the happy brave,
Or lie a freeman, in an honoured grave :
Such the resolves, America, that gained
To thee the height to which thou hast attained
In arts and arms, and which now bid thee be
The happy home, the birth-place of the free.
O sacred Liberty ! to thee alone
Belong the comforts of each happy zone ;
Where thou art not, though Nature throws around
Her lavished gifts, still, still must woe abound.
The craven sons of Siam know thee not,
So long a stranger till by all forgot.

What boots their paradise of nature's charms,
When nature's fire no more their bosoms warms?
Though cooling streams, o'er golden channels glide,
Where one wide Eden blooms on every side;
Though fanning zephyrs, on their light wings, bear
A thousand odours through the sunny air,
No joy they bring to man, the lord of all,
For still his soul is dipt in thraldom's gall.

Not so where Sweden's dreary winter reigns,
And binds her fields and floods in icy chains;
Though Summer's smile scarce glads her mountains bare;
Yet life has charms,—for Liberty is there.

Souls of the brave, whom tyrants ne'er could tame,
Who gave to Greece a never dying name,
O! in each warrior's bosom, fan again
The flame, that burst the haughty Persian's chain,
And, like their fathers, on each well fought field
Teach them to die, but never more to yield,
Till the last vestige of the Paynim's power,
Has shrunk from earth, in Truth's triumphant hour,

Then shall each patriot's heart, exulting, boast
(No more upon a sea of terror toss'd),
His country's freedom, by his valour won,
The proudest legacy from sire to son:
The long lost arts shall spring to life anew,
That, o'er the world, a living lustre threw:
And, in the fostering warmth of Freedom's smile,
Shall gladness wake, o'er every lovely isle,
And happy millions bless th' eventful day
That broke the oppressor's rod, and bore their wrongs away.
Land of the brave, the generous and the good,
Where man's true worth by man is understood,
Fair Albion hail!—Thy honoured name shall long
Inspire the patriot Bard, and fire his song.
The Roman's valour, the Athenian's lore,
And every ray that lighted earth before,
The focus thou, in which they all have met,
And shine at once;—Thy handmaid Virtues wait,
In native loveliness, around the land,
And bid the buds of genius wide expand;

Till thou, the paradise of science named,
Shalt, o'er the world, for liberal arts be famed.
Here Freedom perfected, serenely smiles
O'er generous greatness, and the peasant's toils;
Makes, round each board, the cup of gladness shine,
And holds to every lip the draught divine.
Long, long may Albion's sons thy name revere,
And hold thee, Freedom, e'en than life, more dear;
With happy unity of heart and hand
Still guard the temples, where thine altars stand.
For me, though still in humble life I hide,
And toil, and song, by turns, my hours divide;
Yet liberty is still as dear to me
As, to the summer bird, his leafy tree:
And while my lips with freeman's breath may move,
I'll careless wander through the happy grove;
Pleased with the rude chime of my mountain lyre,
That wakes, as wayward Fancy may inspire.

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